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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE proceedings at Geneva this week have been more interesting than important. Both Spain and Turkey have failed to get sufficient votes for re-eligibility to their seats on the Council. Peru and Iran now take two of three vacant places; the third is not yet filled. A few speakers have caused some stir (or a depression) in the Assembly—notably Mr. Eden, Dr. Wellington Koo, Señor Negrin, Mr. Litvinov, and the Egyptian and the Iraqi delegates, who attacked the proposed partition of Palestine. These protests, of course, show the way the wind is blowing in the Arab and Moslem world. It blows hard at present; but it is not a hurricane, and we do not expect it to sweep either Zionism or Great Britain out of Palestine. The renewed inquiries and negotiations are likely, we think, to result in the acceptance of a scheme which, though changed in detail, will be essentially the partition recommended by the Royal Commission.

Señor Negrin at Geneva

Señor Negrin did not mince his words in his exposition of the wrongs done to the Spanish Republic, not only by the rebels and by the naked aggression of Italy and Germany, but by the "non-intervention" policy of the neutral Powers. He had his "i's" dotted and his "t's" crossed by Mr. Litvinov, and he found plenty of sympathisers in the Assembly. But, however starkly he may confront the League with its duties under the Covenant, he cannot, as a realist, look for salvation from Geneva. In another statement, which he made to a gathering of press correspondents on Tuesday, Señor Negrin again stressed the danger of a general explosion if the fighting in Spain drags on into next summer. The best way to avert that, he urged, was to allow the Spanish Government to buy the arms that it needs. It has plenty of troops, even though the rebel forces include more than 150,000 Italians, according to the estimate of the Republican General Staff. We do not ask for any help, he said, other than normal facilities for getting munitions; with those the war may be rapidly won, without them it is bound to be a long affair. This is plainly an appeal not to the League, but to the non-intervention Powers, and especially to France and Britain. There is no present sign of any inclination on the part of the British Government to abandon the non-intervention policy. The French are more restive, and have been roused to wrath by the exploits of the egregious Colonel Troncoso. If Franco —or Mussolini—indulges in any further mischief, it may easily lead to the reopening of the Pyrenean frontier.

Devilry in China

In the Far East the League is equally powerless; our statesmen reduced it to impotence at the time of the

Manchuria conflict years ago. All that can be done at Geneva to-day is to resuscitate the old Advisory Committee of twenty-three States—to which it is proposed to add Australia, China, Germany and, if you please, Japan! This Committee will have the agreeable task of watching, from some thousands of miles away, the development of another blatant and bloody aggression. This week it is watching the Japanese attempt to blow Nanking and Canton to smithereens. It is too early yet to estimate the extent of the damage or the casualties, or to say how many more raids the air bombers will make. It was a kindly thought on the part of the Japanese to give notice in advance of their designs on Nanking, so that foreign diplomats and their nationals might move to safety. The Americans took advantage of this warning; others, including the British Embassy staff, decided to stay, and Japan has been informed that she will be held responsible for any damage to British property or loss of British lives. It is very right and proper to say that; but what, if there is damage and loss of life, are we going to do about it? The Japanese have not been particularly prompt in satisfying us in the case of Sir H. Knatchbull-Hugessen. What sort of answers will they make to our protests or demands when they are engrossed in large-scale massacres and destruction?

Set a Pirate . . .

Signor Mussolini has not lost much time in deciding that he had better be in than outside of the Nyon Arrangement. No doubt the discovery—which may have surprised him a little—that Britain and France really meant business, with Italy or without her, helped him to make up his mind, while counsels from Berlin also had their influence. The Italian claim to "equality" has not been dropped, but it may be interpreted, we are given to understand, in a "moral" and not a mathematical sense. This is good so far as it goes. But there is, unfortunately, ground for suspicion and anxiety as to the honesty of Italy's intentions, and the Mediterranean police force will need to keep a sharp eye on the new recruit when he goes on duty. Nor is it clear yet what his beat is to be. Presumably, France and Britain are not going to have Italian destroyers and cruisers sharing with their own the protection of the Western Mediterranean—unless indeed they are secretly preparing for another capitulation to Rome. But suppose Mussolini asks, as has been suggested he may, for the patrol from Sicily to the African coast. That would surely be a dangerous concession—at least if the patrol were to be exclusively Italian. In any case, it is not one which the Technical Committee of French, British and Italian naval experts can settle without reference to the Nyon Powers.

Farewell to Forty Hours?

The slump in the franc has been temporarily and by no means convincingly stayed. The ordinary budget for 1938, according to M. Bonnet, will provide for the redemption of about £39,000,000 of debt and contribute also a surplus of over £11,000,000 towards the Defence and other expenditure which has to be met by the extraordinary budget or, in plain words, Treasury borrowing. On the assumption that this borrowing will not have greatly to exceed £100,000,000, the net result next year will not be disastrous. But M. Chautemps, as well as M. Bonnet, has emphasised this week the necessity of providing a "solid economic foundation" for the currency. Since the index of French industrial activity is still 20 per cent. below the pre-1930 level, whereas the British index is roughly 30 per cent. above it, the need for an economic *assainissement* is painfully obvious. Reports from Paris are to the effect that MM. Chautemps and Bonnet are preparing to yield to the pressure of the banking and industrial interests and to propose the replacement of M. Blum's 40-hour week by a 45-hour week consisting of five 9-hour working days. The 40-hour week has been a disappointment to Labour in the sense that, thanks largely to the strike of *entrepreneur* capital, it has failed to increase employment materially; and in many industries modifications have already been conceded. But a 9-hour day would represent such a reactionary step that the fabric of the Front Populaire would be in danger of cracking were it seriously proposed.

When is a Civil Servant not a Civil Servant?

The dispute between the Milk Marketing Board and its employees may seem a small affair; but there is an important issue behind it. Some time ago, the staff of the Board was organised by the Civil Service Clerical Association, which is the leading Union organising civil servants in the clerical grades. The Board promptly refused to recognise the C.S.C.A., on the ground that its employees were not civil servants; and the staff leaders therefore formed a special Milk Marketing Board Staff Association, but retained the full-time officers of the C.S.C.A. to act as the officers of the new body as well. The Board therefore again refused recognition, asserting that they would meet staff representatives only if they came unaccompanied by "outside" officials. As we write, the committee of the Staff Association appears to have yielded to *force majeure*, and to have agreed to meet the Marketing Board without its officers, who have promptly resigned by way of protest. Now, this conduct on the part of the Marketing Board seems to amount to an attempt to establish a company union and refuse to deal with its employees through any other agency. Such conduct is objectionable enough when it is practised by a private body like a bank; it seems to us quite intolerable when the employer concerned is a public body, set up by Act of Parliament.

The Textile Workers and the Government

The adoption of the Textile Hours Convention at Geneva has brought all the textile Trade Unions in Great Britain together into a conference to demand its ratification by the British Government. Under the Convention, which secured the required two-thirds majority at the I.L.O. Conference, and must therefore be submitted to Parliament by the British Government, the forty-hour week would become the approved standard for the textile industries in all countries. The British Government delegates of course opposed its adoption at Geneva, as they have opposed nearly everything of real value that has been brought before the I.L.O.; and the Government will certainly not ratify the Convention if it can possibly help doing so. What has now to be seen is whether the textile Trade Unions have lost the arts of agitation which again and again won them resounding

successes during the last century. Such *ad hoc* bodies as the Ten Hours League nearly a century ago managed to make their influence effectively felt in a Parliament which contained not a single workman, and was elected without the aid of a single working-class voter. Nowadays the Lancashire and Yorkshire workers, if they realised their power, ought to be able to use it to at least as good effect. For both Lancashire and Yorkshire textile towns are, from an electoral standpoint, key areas. The Tories hate the forty-hour week, but do not want to hand over the textile areas to Socialism.

The Apprentices Claim Their Rights

The strike of engineering apprentices in Lancashire seems to be spreading already to other areas. Behind it are two grievances—the employers' refusal to recognise the apprentices' right to any sort of collective bargaining, and the denial to them of the wage advance of 3*s.* a week recently conceded to the rest of the workers in the industry. The refusal to recognise the right of the apprentices to organise, or of the Trade Unions to act for them, goes back a long way. There may be some basis for it in the special case of "premium apprentices" who are being trained directly for managerial posts. But ninety-nine out of every hundred apprentices are ordinary craftsmen in training, with the same wage and other interests as workers who are "out of their time," and very often doing actually the same work as the skilled craftsmen. It is natural that the Unions should wish to organise them, as is largely done in other trades; and it is therefore not surprising that the Unions are disposed to give official recognition to the strikes, even though they began unofficially, and many of the strikers have not in the past been Union members. In the matter of wages, the employers seem to admit that the apprentices have a case, but demand that each employer shall be left to deal with it in the light of his individual benevolence. The answer to this surely is that workers who are old enough to be employed for profit are also old enough to claim the right to organise.

Labour Week

The Labour Party has this week launched its national campaign with the object of popularising its new Short Programme and recruiting new members for the Local Labour Parties. At present, the Labour Party has rather over 600,000 individual members enrolled in the local parties, apart from its affiliated Trade Union membership of more than two millions. The aim of the present campaign, *inter alia*, is to raise this figure of 600,000 to a million; and this, if it could be done, would obviously strengthen very greatly the claim of the Local Labour Parties to increased representation on the Executive and at the Party Conference. Apart from this, the campaign has as its principal object the placing before the electorate of a clear statement, embodied in the new Short Programme, of what the next Labour Government could be expected to attempt during its first period of office. The last-minute refusal of Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Strauss and Professor Laski to take part in the campaign is based, not on any objection to the programme, but on the Executive's unexplained conduct in refusing to ratify Mr. Mellor's nomination as a parliamentary candidate. If the Executive has anything against Mr. Mellor which it has not equally against the other leaders of the Unity Campaign inside the Party, this has not appeared; and it is obviously difficult for these leaders to allow their colleague to be penalised without protest. The Executive cannot both claim their assistance, and refuse their recognition.

Bournemouth Prospects

The leaders of the Labour Party may safely look forward to an overwhelming defeat of the "Unity" group at the coming annual conference at Bournemouth, and also to an easy triumph for the official foreign policy. About some aspects of the foreign policy there is, however, a good deal of uneasiness. Lansbury pacifism is a minority position, though an influential one. But many who are not pacifists in this sense are disturbed by the attitude adopted by the Party Executive and the Trades Union Congress. Some of the reasons for their doubts are expressed in a remarkable letter we publish this week from an ex-service man. The implications of the official attitude are that Labour is now prepared totally to discard its past resolutions of determination to oppose any but a League war and that it is falling in behind the National Government's war preparations, and, in effect, behind its foreign policy. Mr. Morrison, speaking as a member of a Parliamentary party, has voiced his own disquietude in a recent issue of *Forward* and taken Mr. Lawther severely to task for the suggestion that the Parliamentary Party must obey the instructions of the T.U.C. Another point of dispute at Bournemouth is likely to be the Executive's desire to give proper representation to the Constituency parties. It is strongly rumoured that the Trade Unions may refuse to diminish their power even by this small concession.

Anti-dazzle on the Roads

Road users who have occasion to travel after nightfall on unlighted roads where traffic is heavy will welcome the new head-lamp and side-lamp regulations which come into force, with the coming of winter time on October 3rd. Side lamps in future must not be over seven watts in power and must be fitted with frosted glass or other light-diffusing material. Still more important, head lamps must be fitted with an effective dipping or swivelling device, or must be capable of being extinguished while other anti-dazzle head lamps are brought into, or left in, operation. The regulations will entail a not inconsiderable expenditure by owners of old cars—most of the post-1933 models conform—but the dangers of night-driving on our inadequate road-system are so greatly increased by dazzle from oncoming lights that it is a case in which *salus reipublicae suprema lex* must apply. Unaccountably the regulations appear to have one puzzling omission: there is no punishment provided for drivers whose cars are fitted with anti-dazzle equipment but who negligently or wilfully fail to use it. The numbers of such offenders are not small. Incidentally, the Minister of Transport would do well to regiment the use of neon signs and glaring garage beacons in premises fronting on arterial roads. Their glare and the difficulty of distinguishing them from traffic lights add considerably to the difficulties of drivers unfamiliar with the terrain.

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BREAD v. BOMBS

AT Geneva the pendulum of international statecraft swings, *faute de mieux*, from politics to economics. Unwilling or unable to do more than commiserate tactfully with the victims of aggressions which it is impotent to avert, the League Assembly has found solace in applauding speeches in which the primary need for economic appeasement has been emphasised. In co-operation along economic lines, declared Mr. Bruce, lies the best if not the only hope of subsequently attaining the ultimate objective of political appeasement. An improvement in standards of living would change the whole world atmosphere, allay tensions and frictions and pave the way to a solution of the political problems which threaten the stability of peace. More specifically, Mr. Eden, preceding the delegate for Australia, expressed the desire of the British Government "to co-operate in a real effort to restore international trade." He spoke hopefully of the possibility of an agreement on "most favoured nation" lines between Britain and the U.S.A. to reduce mutually their existing Customs duties, and offered to discuss "with any Powers which may approach the United Kingdom Government" an abatement of imperial preferences in non-self-governing colonies, "where these can be shown to place undue restriction on international trade." British good intentions in the field of tariffs have been expressed before; and the present offer is hedged with provisoes (when is restriction "undue"?) that detract from its value. Nevertheless, it is an offer: the British Government has made at least one step in the right direction. Indeed, with the British Foreign Secretary thus responding to Mr. Cordell Hull's reiterated pleas from Washington for greater liberalisation of trade, and the Belgian Prime Minister sounding from Brussels the same note, it looks as though a real attempt is being made to recreate the atmosphere in which the World Economic Conference of 1933 was opened.

Will the results be less barren, or are all efforts at economic co-operation between nations once more destined to be abortive? Two favourable factors in the situation encourage modest hopes. The attachment of currencies to gold at economically artificial parities no longer impedes negotiations for abatement of "defensive" tariffs. More important, all Governments are aware that though a downward turning-point in the world trade cycle may not yet have been reached, the process of recovery from the 1931–32 depression has visibly reached an advanced stage; reliance can no longer be placed on the continued expansion of domestic markets; increasingly, the maintenance of prosperity—precariously prolonged at present by the armaments boom—must depend on enlarged slices of international trade. Even if, as seems probable, the onset of a major world depression need not be feared until 1939, one more year of grace is scant comfort to the world's rulers, even in the dictatorship countries. For there, as elsewhere, the barely healed economic wounds of the last slump are so tender that the political consequences of a recurrence of wholesale unemployment and penury would be unpredictable.

The influences making for renewed efforts at international co-operation in the economic sphere are strong; the difficulties in the road are formidable. The British Government, in 1933 and since, has consistently argued that its own tariff system is reasonable and that all concessions must come from others. Since 1932 this country's vested interest in protective duties has become heavily entrenched. The protracted and mysterious negotiations for an agreement with the United States appeared to reach deadlock when the Dominions at the Imperial Conference last June roundly refused to surrender the benefits of imperial preference. Even among the democratic countries in whose trade and currency structure an element of liberalism still survives a multilateral agreement on the basis of "reasonable" tariffs offering no "undue" restriction to trade would be difficult to attain.

Since, however, his avowed hope is an economic agreement which will allay political tensions, Mr. Eden is presumably thinking in terms of negotiations to which the dictatorship countries, and not merely the comparatively free democracies, will be parties. In a field thus enlarged the obstacles in the way of agreement are multiplied. The stability of the Reichsmark and the lira are so bound up with regimentation of German and Italian trade, deliberate distortion of economic development along lines of artificial self-sufficiency has become such an integral part of Fascist statecraft, that even a moderate reversion to liberalism in commercial and foreign exchange dealings with other countries would involve real difficulties, both economic and political, for the German and Italian Governments alike, even if the will to seek agreement were present.

Does such goodwill exist? Or rather, is it probable that Herr Hitler and Mr. Eden come near to thinking in the same language when they talk of economic "satisfactions"? The British Foreign Secretary speaks of possible adjustments of Colonial tariffs; but in the same speech he points out that the commodities to which easier access might be afforded by such concessions represent only 3 per cent. of the world's supplies of raw materials. To pretend that world political appeasement can be reached, Germany's colonial demands satisfied, and the Duce weaned from his dreams of a new Imperium Romanum, by juggling a little with tariffs on the Gold Coast is scarcely realistic.

The danger is lest in this new phase of professed (and doubtless sincere) desire for economic appeasement the best may be the enemy of the good. To assert that a co-operative effort to expand international trade and thereby raise standards of living should logically, and may profitably, precede attempts to frame an ambitious new series of peace pacts is sound enough, and to offer to discuss colonial tariffs with Germany and Italy is more rational and practical than talk of "willingness to consider" transfers of territory, when "consideration" is as far as the National Government has any intention of going. But if too much is attempted at once—and, still more, if world appeasement is made the criterion of the utility of any agreement—there is a grave risk that nothing will be done even within the less pretentious ambit of what is practicable.

A Customs agreement between the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A.—retaining, if need be, the principle of preferential treatment for inter-Imperial trade but establishing a reasonably low intermediate tariff for Anglo-American commerce—would be a good beginning. An agreement on those lines which was open to the adhesion

of all other countries willing to participate—and the Oslo Group would certainly adhere—would be a big step towards the removal of international trade barriers. Recalling the unhelpful line taken by Mr. Runciman in conversations with Mr. Cordell Hull and, more recently, the cold reception reported to have been accorded to Mr. Norman Davies a few months ago when he tried to talk tariffs with Mr. Chamberlain, optimism with regard to the prospects even in this direction is bound to be restrained. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Eden's speech at Geneva betokens a real change of heart at Downing Street or is merely one more example of the Foreign Secretary's utility as the pleasant announcer of amiable insincerities.

HOW JAPAN COULD BE STOPPED

THE prevailing mood of fatalism amongst the democratic forces of Europe and the U.S.A., arising out of the experience of the past six years, is playing into the hands of the Japanese. There is a widespread feeling that, since nothing effective was done with regard to the rape of Manchuria in 1931–32, nor against Italy when she took Abyssinia, nor later in Spain, there is no hope under our Government, with its huge majority, of stopping aggression anywhere. Moreover, the effect of Japanese propaganda is so insidious as to have permeated even the forces of the Left with the idea that economic pressure, if the Government could be made to exert it, would not stop Japan.

Articles in the Conservative press, (such, for instance, as the one in the *Times* of September 8th), which deliberately obscure Japan's weaknesses, are believed even by those who would prefer not to believe them. Yet in actual fact Japan is more vulnerable to economic pressure than Italy, and there is little doubt that, even if we cannot hope to see economic sanctions applied, a boycott of Japanese goods would be enough to stop the war and save China. It is now sufficiently clear that China is determined on resistance " to the bitter end " and that therefore the Japanese cannot win a rapid victory, if they can win at all. This means that the economic factor will be decisive.

Quite apart from the fact that the conquest of China is an incomparably stiffer proposition than that of Abyssinia, Italy entered on her war of conquest after more than a decade of peace, whereas Japan begins her war with her scanty reserves already used up by her Manchurian adventure. It was easy to annex Manchuria, but the cost of holding down its 30,000,000 inhabitants and liquidating the " bandits," not to speak of the expenses of building military roads and fortifications along the Soviet frontier, has been inordinately high.

Moreover, Italy's engineering industry is better developed than Japan's; she can at least manufacture her own automobiles, whereas Japan has to import these and also aeroplane engines and many kinds of machinery. If Italy's industrial deficiencies can be made good by Germany, it is difficult to see how the latter could also supply Japan if Britain and the U.S.A. cut off supplies. For Japan cannot pay cash. Her adverse trade balance for the first six months of this year was the highest in her history; it exceeded the total for the whole year after the earthquake. Thus before the present war began Japanese exports were only covering two-thirds of her imports. The significance of this can be understood if it is realised that Japan's total balance of foreign payments is also adverse; she has no large foreign investments to pay for her imports. The cause of the excessive adverse trade balance in 1936 and 1937 is not only her excessive imports for armament requirements and the price-boom in metals all over the world, but also the loss of much of the advantage she has derived since 1932 from her low labour costs in a period of cheap raw materials. As the prices of cotton, wool, etc., have risen, their ratio to the total cost of manufacture has also risen, whilst the ratio of labour cost has fallen. Consequently Japan's export of cotton textiles started to decline last year in quantity as well as in value, and has continued to decline this year.

Japan's budget position is even more serious. According to the original estimates for the current year expenditure was to come to 2,872 million yen. Of this nearly 1½ milliards was for " defence " and nearly half a milliard for debt service. Taxation, old and new, was to provide only 1,313 millions and fresh loans 965 millions. The new appropriations demanded by the Army and Navy for the war in China bring total expenditure up to 5.4 milliards. Consequently the estimated revenue from taxation, State monopolies, etc., now covers less than a third of estimated expenditure. Moreover, the 2½ milliards for the war in China represent the estimate for a short war.

The significance of the 5.4 milliards State expenditure can be realised by noting the fact that the estimated national income (according to the Mitsubishi Economic Research Bureau) was only 13 milliards in 1936, and that the national debt at the end of last year was already 11 milliards. In 1914 the ratio of Germany's national debt to her national income was only 13.5 per cent., and that of Britain 30 per cent. Japan had already started down the slippery slope of inflation before this war began. In April this year the wholesale prices index had risen 96.5 per cent. over the December 1931 level. Metals had risen 76.6 per cent. over the level of the first half of 1936 and textiles and fuel more than 25 per cent. Retail prices were 30 per cent. above 1931, most of the rise having occurred over the past year. The hardship this has involved is shown by the fact that the number of strikes this year is the highest on record. The same is true of the number of tenant versus landowner disputes. The withdrawal of large numbers of men and women from the villages into the army and munition factories must quickly cause a fall in agricultural production in a country like Japan, where neither machinery nor even animal power is used in cultivation. The same applies to the production of that large part of her industry where machinery is little used or unknown.

Even a cursory examination of Japan's markets, and of the sources of her raw material supplies, shows unmistakably that she is mainly dependent on the British Empire and the U.S.A. for both exports and imports. The British Empire and the U.S.A. (even without the Philippines) take 50 per cent. of Japan's total exports and supply 62 per cent. of her imports. China (including Hong Kong) takes a mere 8 per cent. and supplies 6 per cent. Manchuria and Kwantung, i.e., her own colonial territory, take 18.5 per cent. and supply 8.6 per cent. The Dutch East Indies take nearly as much as China and supply a little less.

Here, then, is no question of the need to apply sanctions by all the States-members of the League. An embargo on exports to Japan, and a boycott of Japanese goods, by the British Empire and the U.S.A. alone would be quite sufficient to stop Japan's aggression. Her iron comes from India, Malaya and Australia, her oil from the U.S.A. and the Dutch East Indies. Manchurian and Chinese supplies form only a small part of Japan's peace-time requirements of iron. Cotton and wool she can only get from the U.S.A., India and Australia or South Africa. As regards oil, it is obvious that the U.S.S.R. would not supply her. Holland would readily come into line with ourselves and the U.S.A., and the trade of her colonies is largely in the hands of Chinese merchants who would be glad to impose a boycott of Japanese goods.

Raw silk and textiles form 60 per cent. of Japanese exports; the U.S.A. takes 85 per cent. of the former and the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies the bulk of the latter, India being by far the largest market. Since the Indians themselves are already contemplating a boycott of Japanese goods, it is impossible for the British Government to argue that it would be unworkable.

It is clear that, if we wished, we could deprive Japan of the means to carry on her war. Cannot we and the Americans refuse to buy Japanese goods for the sake of saving the peace of the world, not to speak of our own interests in China? Either a long war or the victory of Japan will be equally disastrous to British trade and investments in China. Although the Americans have far less to lose in the immediate future either from the ruin of China, or from the shutting of the door there by Japan, they must take account of the fact that if the Japanese annex North China it is one of their aims to develop cotton growing in that region in order to free themselves entirely from dependence on American cotton, of which they are the largest importers in the world.

As regards those who are concerned not with saving British Imperialist interests in the Far East, but with the maintenance of peace and international law, as well as with preventing the most peaceful race on earth from becoming a colony of the most brutal, reactionary and warlike of all Imperialisms, surely we can start an agitation which will force our Government to stop Japan through Anglo-American co-operation and economic pressure. In the case of Japan there can be no shadow of excuse in the danger of war if economic pressure is exerted. She cannot carry on any war without importing from us and the U.S.A.—nor without exporting to us unless we give her credit.

In spite of America's reluctance to have any dealings with us over the Far East since our support of Japan in 1931–32, evidence of a real desire on our part to co-operate with her has still a chance of success. The American press interprets Mr. Cordell Hull's statement on August 17th as a notification that the American Government has not altered its earlier position, and that the independence and integrity of China remain a goal of American diplomacy. Opinion amongst the progressive forces is veering towards advocacy of a boycott of Japanese goods.

The chances of successfully bringing pressure to bear on the National Government are greater than in the case of Abyssinia or Spain, in view of our huge investments in China, and also because Japan's aggression is completely open and undisguised and not cloaked by the existence of a native insurgent force as Italy's and Germany's is in Spain. There are elements in this country in all the political camps which are on China's side, and which could be mobilised to put pressure on the Government if once convinced that economic pressure could stop Japan.

The great danger is that the British Government, anxious to preserve British interests in China, but completely indifferent to Chinese interests (and blind to the real menace Japan constitutes to British interests) will seek to bring pressure to bear on the Chinese Government to surrender, although not defeated, and allow Japan to annex North China. Such pressure would have all the more chance of succeeding since the Chinese bankers would no doubt be glad to stop the war and save their fortunes even at the sacrifice of China's national interests. Already the British Government has sought to persuade the Americans, not to co-operate in stopping Japan's aggression, but to join in guaranteeing the neutrality of the International Settlement at Shanghai and maintaining it by force. The maintenance of this "neutrality," under cover of which Japan lands her troops in territory which the Chinese are not allowed to enter, is clearly to the advantage of the Japanese.

Cannot we ensure that British pressure shall be exerted on Japan instead of on China? The action of the Labour Party may be decisive. If it wishes it could yet mobilise public opinion to force the reluctant hand of the Government against the Japanese, who, by the insolent tone of their replies more than by the actual shooting of our Ambassador, are antagonising even those who have for so long befriended and supported them. By doing so the Labour Party would enormously strengthen its own position in the country. The issue is not even complicated by Communism, since no one can maintain that Chiang Kai-shek, who has spent the past ten years fighting the Communists in China, is inclined to their policies.

Japan's attempted conquest of China is not a remote affair of less immediate concern to us than Spain. For who can imagine that Germany is supporting Japan in China (thereby losing much valuable trade) and Italy in Spain, without aiming to get something for herself in Europe once Japan is firmly established in North China and Inner Mongolia, and the U.S.S.R. thus immobilised or open to attack in the East as in the West? Lastly, those who fear an increase of the influence of the U.S.S.R. in the East might ask themselves whether it is wise to force China into its arms as the only Power inclined to assist her in her war of national liberation.

FREDA UTLEY

A LONDON DIARY

THE Aga Khan, I hear from Geneva, has succeeded where other presidents of the League Assembly have failed, in making the meetings begin promptly. Hitherto one could wander in twenty minutes after the announced time and be pretty sure that nothing had happened. But this new president gets them off promptly at the starting-post. He makes an unexceptionable chairman with his good though laboured English and, as one of the shorthand writers put it in the official note, his "useful figure," though the phrase actually uttered was "usual vigour." One of the Aga Khan's habits in Geneva, by the way, is to patronise an English teashop for breakfast instead of taking it formally at his hotel. During a meal he will never drink twice out of the same cup nor wipe his lips twice with the same serviette. The Indians vehemently refuse to regard him as a representative of India; he is, in fact, appointed by the India Office, but if it comes to that, one wonders how many delegates would be the choice of their respective peoples. One thing the Aga Khan cannot do is to induce orators to come to the tribune. Twice during the first week of the Assembly a morning meeting could not be held because no speakers had inscribed their names. A discussion on the status of women petered right out, and even the budget of the League does not provoke discussion. It is perhaps significant that the only voices to be remembered the first week of the meeting were those of Wellington Koo in the Assembly on China and Juan Negrin in the Council on Spain. Both were human and passionate. Otherwise, until the big guns went off in the second week, the Assembly was dumb. Perhaps dumbness in the face of world events is the most compelling eloquence, like that silence in Heaven for half-an-hour.

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Inquiries produce no satisfactory explanation of the constant stream of Russian executions and dismissals. After making full allowance for exaggerated reporting, it remains clear that we observe merely the surface confusion of an underlying struggle for power which is no doubt, as always in such cases, partly personal, partly political. But there are, I think, several other points that are worth noticing and seldom made. The number of "dismissals" from office is probably not greater than in other countries. In the U.S.S.R. business and industry are nationalised. After all, if we knew and published in England a list of all the highly placed business executives who lost their jobs for various reasons during the year it would be a very large number. The second point is more speculative, but fits with many things I've heard recently. Russia is in danger of something like a nervous breakdown. Four years ago when I was in the U.S.S.R. my strongest impression was the colossal effort demanded from the Communist leaders and the equally colossal strain put on the ordinary peasant and worker who was suddenly plunged into a new life whether he liked it or not. Soviet officials I know never work less than fourteen to sixteen hours a day with no holidays except when the nervous strain is too great and they are sent to the Caucasus. Add the Stakhanov movement among the workers—a constant striving after "records" in daily jobs at which, as everyone knows who has ever tried to dig

or add up figures, we can all make records for an hour or a week perhaps—if we are prepared to pay the penalty in low production or collapse afterwards. So I am not surprised when *Pravda* prints accounts of managers "sabotaging" (which often means proving hopelessly inefficient) and factories breaking down.

* * *

Some time ago I set out to discover what the Group Movement was all about. I came to a conclusion which was shortly afterwards confirmed when Dr. Buchman "thanked God for Hitler." But my inquiries had one compensating result. I struck up a friendship with Canon Streeter, the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, whose death with that of his wife in an aeroplane accident I deeply regret. The interesting thing about Streeter was that he was not content to remain a first-class scholar and leading theologian; he realised that orthodox Christianity was quite inadequate to the problems of the present generation, and attached himself to the Group Movement with the notion that it might provide a solution. He was a very broad-minded cleric; willing to concede almost anything, to take up the argument on the most rationalistic basis of Freudian psychology or Marxist history. He told me he was "not very good" at this "quiet time" business himself: his critical intellect got to work too quickly on the guidance given him. We had a long argument about God: he recommended me to try God as a hypothesis . . .

* * *

I was not, therefore, surprised to receive the following letter from Mr. H. S. Addison of Oriel College, Oxford. He writes:

You will be interested to know that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was the constant companion of Dr. B. H. Streeter, Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford, during his last weeks in Switzerland. Week by week THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION followed us to remote Swiss villages. We often laughed together over the "This England" column; and many of our conversations started from articles in your pages.

I remember well one conversation which we had after reading, in a recent number, Professor Laski's review of the second volume of Mr. Lionel Curtis's *Civitas Dei*. Like both the author and reviewer of that book, Streeter had an acute sense of the urgency of these days, based both upon his profound reading of history and on his wide knowledge of men and affairs in many countries. He was convinced that where human virtue and human wisdom had signally failed, only a spiritual dynamic could succeed in bringing about a new and better social order. He was especially concerned for the future of democracy. He was never tired of pointing out the historical fact that in Britain the battles for liberty which had laid the foundations of democracy were battles for the freedom of the individual to do what God wanted him to do, not for the freedom to do what he pleased. Only in so far as the individual recaptured his sense of personal responsibility to God and to his fellow men, could Streeter see any hope for the future of democracy.

Mr. Addison then goes on to quote from an enthusiastic letter which Streeter had written to Dr. Buchman about the success of the Group Movement in Denmark and the possibilities of similar success in England. I wish Streeter was still here to argue about that. I should have liked to ask him why he thought it a good idea to change the Danes, who are a sensible, peaceful lot of people, and what hopes he had of success in Germany or Italy.

* * *

Mead has a romantic sound. Surely it was mead that tempted the Knights to sip the poisoned chalice and mead that the Homeric hero drank in the bastard translations of the Iliad? Anyway it is still drunk in some parts of the country, water and fermented honey, very strong and sickly stuff with a high alcoholic content, as I discovered last week when I tasted some brewed by Mr. Board, the builder who is also a publican. Mr. Board tells me that it is a certain cure for rheumatism (that makes the forty-eighth certain cure). His wife was crippled with neuritis and cost him "a hundred pounds in doctors' bills." A regular glass of mead every morning put her right in no time. He told me of other local cases. That took him on to an old woman in the next village who will cure your jaundice for twopence. She makes no money out of her knowledge of herbs and refuses to treat people unless she can be sure of a cure. A foreigner called and rejected her pills because he thought a twopenny cure must be a fraud: a week later he was worse and called again. She refused. No, she was sorry; a week ago she could have cured him, now it was too late. "He was going to die. And he did." I said nothing, and Mr. Board went on, "I suppose you believe in science? That's where we disagree, I expect." I replied that it was likely enough that some herbal cures, unknown to doctors, had remained in local memory and been lost to science. "Yes," he said, pointing to a fine oak beam over his head, "I reckon that beam has been there 800 years" (400 is more likely). "To-day they are using steel girders. We'll know some day if they will last 800 years. People smile to-day at lath and plaster. I took down a wall of lath and plaster this morning that was something like 800 years old. Do the scientists reckon reinforced concrete will last that long?" No, but no one wants it to.

* * *

I saw the other day in the papers that Birmingham was having a plague of wasps that were fighting the Birmingham bees. Well, they need not swank. We've got plenty of wasps down our way, too. You can kill them in scores just by walking under the apple-tree and stamping on the windfalls. There are at least three in every ripe apple. You can drown them in dozens in jam-jars. Or, of course, you can scream and wave your hands at them until you get stung. Mr. Park, self-appointed wasp slayer of the neighbourhood (he keeps bees) got rid of twenty-seven nests last year and something over thirty nests this year. This year's record number of wasps he puts down to the lack of frost last winter. All the nasty things survived—including, it seems, hornets. I don't remember seeing a hornet since I was a child. But there it was on the window pane, enormous, really intimidating, two inches long I thought it, while I watched hesitating and wondering whether to risk a flip of my finger, which is my usual way of killing wasps. Mr. Park saw me through the window and was in like a flash. He caught it between his thumb and finger and threw its corpse out of the window. Those things killed a cow the other day, he said, returning to his job of filling up rat-holes. Every now and again one realises why life was not dull even before Hitler and Mussolini.

* * *

At lunch with our local Colonel Blimp on Sunday someone mentioned the Left Book Club. Colonel Blimp said he had not heard of it, but he could see that some arrangement for getting rid of books left over might be quite useful.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to T. C. N. Gibbens.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Enough evidence from numbers of sources has reached this country to indicate that, in spite of the inaccuracy, imagination and deliberate falsification of newspaper reports and the propaganda departments of the Governments concerned, there has been a certain amount of air war in China.—*Aeroplane.*

That it is possible to place 130 articles in an ordinary match box was displayed by Mrs. Edge, a member of the Barsham Women's Institute, when she won a competition for the largest number of different articles in a box. The articles in the winner's box ranged from a gnat's leg to a threepenny piece, and from a feather to a miniature screwdriver.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

The Bolshevist Government in Moscow, aiming to sap the strength and stability of Japan in China, is equally determined to bring about a similar end in Western Europe by aligning Germany and Italy against France and Great Britain. This Caliban of the twentieth

century, atheistic, imperialistic and sadistic, this Cerberus loose from the lower world is, as we all know, the bosom friend of Eden, the god on the high altar of our Socialists, and the procreator of peace from the virgin wombs of Ellen Wilkinson and Eleanor Rathbone, and which, with its laurel leaves of poison, adorns the brows of our Bloomsbury " intellectuals " !—*Action.*

Dr. J. W. Lobban, Medical Officer of Health for Chester, in his annual report: Greater development of uncorrupted conduct is a desideratum, and education of juveniles might be extended to provide harsher physical and moral training, so that artificial mitigation of physical and mental anguish at dental sittings might be reduced.—*Times.*

On Sunday, T. Hollingdale, the Welsh Rugby international and former Neath policeman, will be ordained priest in the living of St. Laurence, Chelmsford, by the Bishop of Chelmsford Cathedral. Thus another link will be forged between Rugby football and the Church.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A letter was received from Lord Dorchester protesting against the one-way traffic, saying that the " congestion and overcrowding was one of the main charms of Cowes."—*Portsmouth Evening News* report on Cowes Council Meeting.

Dance Band Pianist, Saxophonist and Trumpeter required to train as Male Nurses. Candidates with secondary education preferred. Age not to exceed 24 years. Appointment is under A.O.S. Superannuation Act, 1909.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

I myself know a Merchant Service Officer who makes a point of collecting all the empty bottles and tins on his ship. For years he has, almost daily, cast out upon the sea little messages in these tins—maybe an extract from the divine praises, maybe just a sentence such as " Blessed be Jesus Christ the Divine Son of God," or " *Viva el Cristo Rey,*" or " Glory be to the Blessed Trinity," or just a simple " *Laus Deo,*" etc., etc. It is inspiring to think that long after my friend has passed away, the wide ocean will still be dotted with these little silent messages witnessing to the Glory of God; messages which may or may not ever meet the eyes of man, but which will surely gladden the eyes of God and His Holy Angels.—Letter in *Tablet.*

PUBLICITY FOR DOCTORS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

A PUBLICITY campaign for doctors is proposed. The doctors are aware of an undercurrent of criticism—scepticism, perhaps, is the better word—of the profession and are anxious to counter it. Advertising by the individual doctor is a professional offence, to be visited with the severest penalty that the General Medical Council can impose; but there is no ban upon co-operative advertising, and if the entire profession chooses to advertise itself the General Medical Council in solemn session can hardly drum it out of existence. Indeed, the General Medical Council, or its child and ward the Dental Board, has set the example by advertising dentists in a very clever and catchy fashion by means of posters and films, and the ophthalmologists are following suit, advertising a National Eye Service run by doctors. It is a mistake to suppose that advertising is objected to because it is out of keeping with the decorum of a learned profession; it is only wrong if it gives an individual an advantage over his colleagues. If all advertise as one body there need be no restriction of medium or method.

After all, doctoring is a national service, just as bread and beer, milk and potatoes, which are co-operatively advertised, are national commodities. (In America there is now a co-operative advertising campaign to advertise newspaper advertising.) Moreover, advertising is of value, not only in what it introduces to public notice, but in what it removes therefrom. A prize might be offered nowadays for the discovery of any derogatory remark on the subject of bread. It used to be said that to eat bread was likely to induce stoutness. That was always problematical, and coincident with the starting by the millers and bakers of a great advertising campaign it has been discovered that bread has no deleterious qualities whatsoever; at least if any criticism of bread is now to be found it will be in such columns as those of the *Slocum Weekly Advertiser and Pettypace Guardian* in the form of a quotation from a national newspaper five years old.

The feeling among the doctors that some attention ought to be paid to publicity arose out of the recent Court of Inquiry into the capitation fee paid under National Health Insurance. For twelve years that fee has been nine shillings for each insured person on the doctor's list. On the ground of increased responsibility and service, as well as increased practice expenses, especially motoring, the profession put up a case for twelve and six. Indeed, the Trade Union section, represented by the Medical Practitioners Union, went higher. On the other hand, the Ministry of Health argued, though without much conviction, for a reduction of the fee to eight shillings, chiefly on the ground that the services which insurance doctors have performed are increasingly available at hospitals and clinics. Lord Amulree and his colleagues awarded the same fee as before, namely, nine shillings. It was not entirely the *status quo*, for the same fee will apply to the new juvenile entrants into insurance, the " under sixteens," for whom, seeing that no certification is required, a slightly lower fee might have been expected.

What disturbed the medical profession was not so much the refusal of the court to raise the fee as the indifference or covert hostility of the press and the public. The ordinary reader of the daily newspapers might be forgiven for doubting whether doctors have a bad press. Journalists wait on the doorsteps of Harley Street with a deferential persistence. The sayings and doings of consultants are good " copy." The speeches by medical bigwigs are never suffered to waste their sweetness on the smoke-laden air of public luncheons. Often, of course, the press can refer only to a " famous Harley Street surgeon," or, by way of a convincing touch of variety, to an " eminent Queen Anne Street consultant," but the very anonymity makes it more mysterious and important.

It is otherwise with the rank and file of general practitioners, particularly those who are " panel doctors," as most of them are. Panel doctoring has come to be regarded, not deservedly, as something casual and makeshift. It is difficult to convince its detractors that no differentiation is made between panel and private patients. The idea may have originated in a suspicion of all contract service. It is assumed that because a doctor is paid so much a head instead of so much an attendance he will interpret his obligation in a niggardly spirit. It is true that there are occasionally reported cases of negligent or even callous treatment by insurance doctors, but these are so rare when the extent of the service is borne in mind that if prejudice did not enter into the question they would be disregarded. The black sheep are scarcely perceptible in this huge flock. In 1935 eight million insured persons in England and Wales sought medical advice and over fifty million attendances were put in by insurance doctors; yet in only 157 cases was it necessary to investigate a complaint respecting the adequacy of the service (we leave out complaints respecting excessive prescribing, because those do not reflect in an adverse way on the relation of the doctor to his patient), and in less than one-third of these did the facts justify the imposition of a penalty. Can any other public service boast such a record? The detractor, however, is not impressed by statistics. He says that the complaint of the insured patient against his doctor, although substantial, is rarely such as could be proved before a committee, but that large numbers of persons, rather than formulate any specific charge, prefer to go to a private doctor and pay him instead of accepting the service to which they are entitled without payment. Nor does the fact that every year the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health has something complimentary to say about the service of insurance doctors weigh with the persistent detractor. And he now asks, why, if the Ministry is so satisfied with the service of insurance doctors, it dissembled its love by trying to knock a shilling off their fee. The spokesman for the Approved Societies at the Court of Inquiry also said what a fine service it was, and added, apparently without any sense of the

antithesis, that the Societies supported the Ministry in pressing for a smaller remuneration.

There is perhaps a wider reason for the unwillingness of the public to accord to the medical profession the place the profession thinks it ought to have. It is all a part of the impatience with closed professions and mysteries. The public has more than a kindness for unqualified practitioners, more than a little faith in patent medicines. It says that the test is neither in diplomas nor in analysts' certificates. It asks merely "Does the thing work?", and very often it does work.

One qualification, however, must be made. The average man—and especially the average woman—excepts from the debunking process his or her own practitioner. While they express a familiar cynicism with regard to the profession as a whole, people will swear by their own doctor. This doctor of theirs is the most wide-awake and energetic practitioner in the locality, alert to all new methods, a man who has had the enterprise to go in for refresher courses—not like "old stick-in-the-mud" across the road who has not learned a thing since he left his medical school thirty years ago. This doctor of theirs has even spent his vacations visiting famous clinics abroad; he always has on his desk the medical journals—out of their wrappers too—and the latest book on differential diagnosis. Or it may be that their doctor is a man of quite a different type, but still the best doctor of them all. He is a man who understands you, and that is the main thing; he has sympathy, which is better than the latest learning; he does not go in for new-fangled methods which might kill you instead of curing you, his are the good old-fashioned remedies which have stood the test of time. However it be, whether the doctor is progressive or old-fashioned, charming or gruff, alarming or reassuring, persistent or casual, the fact that he is "their doctor" exempts him from the rough and ready condemnation of the profession as a whole.

No publicity is needed to induce people to have faith in their own doctors and yet, illogical as it may seem, they are inclined to treat the profession with scant reverence. As Dr. H. G. Dain, the panel doctors' leader said (in a report in the *British Medical Journal*), while the individual member of the public regards his doctor with respect, there is hostility to the profession as a whole. He said on the same occasion that the Insurance Acts Committee, the body which represents the insurance practitioners of the country, was considering the expenditure of a considerable sum on publicity. If it is desired to restore the profession to its Victorian pedestal—supposing it *was* on a pedestal then—something must be done. If money is wanted for the purpose it will be available, but perhaps money will not be needed. In America, without any monetary arrangement, the press seems pretty well harnessed to the orthodox medical chariot. A medical man holding an official position in American medicine who visited Belfast during the recent B.M.A. meeting there described to the envy of his British colleagues how the American newspapers and the broadcasting companies eat out of the profession's hand. Weekly or periodical conferences take place after the manner of President Roosevelt's talks with the pressmen, and the papers are told what is worth publishing in the way of medical information and what is not. If the press itself receives information of a new discovery in medicine it brings it to the official touchstone, like a dog retrieving a stick for its master.

It will be interesting to see what form the projected publicity takes and even more interesting to see what is the public reaction to it. Will there be posters with reproductions of Luke Fildes's "The Doctor" and quotations from R. L. Stevenson and Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott and the Book of Ecclesiasticus? Will there be films following the general practitioner on his round? Will there be well informed articles whose advertising point will not be appreciated until one has slept on them? The purpose of the publicity is not to bring in more patients nor to make people go to their doctor when well (which they will never do); it is to secure greater public sympathy for the profession collectively when questions of reward or status arise with Government Departments and other public bodies. One little reminder may be pertinent. An advertising medium often disregarded in co-operative advertising schemes, and one which has a special relevance in this connection, is the local weekly press. Large numbers of people skim their daily newspapers, but they settle down on Friday and Saturday for a "real good read" of their local chronicle, being more interested in the account of a domestic fracas in the next street than in that of a holocaust at Shanghai. It is these papers which have largely contributed to any disesteem in which the profession is now held. In their columns have appeared reports from Insurance Committee proceedings concerning doctors who have been found guilty of some breach of their terms of service or an improper charging of fees. It is these papers which have contained the occasional criticisms of doctors by coroners and magistrates. Any little local upset in which a doctor does not appear to advantage is recorded. They also tell the tale of contests between the local profession and the health authority or the hospital committee over matters of remuneration. The doctors' claims in this last respect may be very just ones, dictated by the changing circumstances of health provision, but they may appear strange to people who were brought up to believe that the doctor's is the last bill that should be paid.

It is largely in the *Slocum Advertiser* that reputations are unmade. Scandal is good copy and will be printed free and with gusto. The broader truth is generally uninteresting, and if printed must be paid for at the usual rates.

HIGHLAND TWILIGHT

A WEEK ago I was helping my active partner to bring in the last of the scanty hay harvest on a Sutherlandshire croft in which I have a minority (and strictly unofficial) share-holding. As we worked, my partner's eldest child who had been listening to the radio—our one extravagance—brought from the house the news that one round in this summer's battle for justice to the crofter had been won. Sitting in the Western Isles, the Inverness-shire Valuation Appeal Court had bowed before the storm of protest evoked by the County Council's attempt to have crofters' dwellings assessed for rating purposes separately from the land—a sequel, this, to a recent Court of Session decision that a house on a croft is not entitled to benefit under the Derating Act unless it is used solely for agricultural purposes. Subject to the possibility of further reference to a higher court it had been conceded, we were told, that house and land should still be treated as "one subject"; and that supplementary income—from fishing, road-work, letting rooms to summer visitors—should not automatically be regarded as grounds for holding that the croft is used for other than agricultural purposes.

The news was welcome. Without the winter road-work to which my partner has to walk eight miles a day over the heather, and still more without the summer letting which involves perforce the nightly dispersal of his own household in hayloft and cowshed, the croft would be bankrupt; and even a few pounds added by way of rating assessment to the annual outgoings would destroy the precarious balance of its frail budget. Two cows, a pig, forty sheep, a score of hens, barely enough drained arable to raise self-sufficient crops of oats and potatoes, and a small leaky fishing boat, with rail-head forty and the nearest market over a hundred miles away—what "solely agricultural" means of livelihood are here for a man and wife with five growing children? The threatened imposition, in effect, of taxation on his receipts from summer lettings and other odd jobs was a threat to his last ditch in the fight for existence.

That it is a ditch from which there is little hope of advance against poverty's insistent offensive we are well aware. Given capital, some acres of land could be reclaimed; given access to the mountain slopes there is feeding for several hundred head of sheep, which need not even be sent south from here

to winter. But who cares for land drainage in the Western Highlands, who will nationalise (for there is no alternative) the land now strictly fenced off by an absentee landlord for deer? Parliament at Westminster is too distant, too preoccupied by the high policy of State and the Great Wen's vulnerability to foreign bombs, for our problems to receive its attention. Legacy, we presume, of the energy of a Minister of Transport whose name we cannot even pronounce, some of our roads are being reconstructed, so that southern motorists may reach more quickly the beauty spots they wish to photograph, the lochs they are rapidly fishing to death. But what will it benefit the Highlands if they gain the whole world of *tourisme* and lose their own soul—the crofting population which is steadily withering away?

Politically we have lost interest in a Labour Party whose pre-occupation with the industrial vote carries no appeal to us. Less in hopefulness of its attainment than in anger at England's neglect, we have become, most of us, passionate advocates of Scottish Home Rule. With a Parliament at Edinburgh, our economic problems might still be dour to solve; the evil aftermath of Culloden that turned the Highlands first into a run for alien sheep and then into a playground for alien sportsmen cannot be shed in a day. But at least our voices would have some chance of being heard; our country would no longer be a land without either a political or a spiritual centre.

This is not sentimentalism. My active partner in crofting, who deplores his children's tendency to switch the radio on to the English "National" programme, knows to his sorrow that probably none of his boys or girls will stay by the croft. Why should they? Why be cabined by penurious existence in a country which offers them no economic scope, whose history as distinct from that of England they have never been taught, and whose future bids fair to depend on tourist hotels, "romantic" postcards and "picturesque" gillies dressed up in fancy tartans? Until steps are taken not merely to promote economic betterment in the Highlands by extensive schemes of land reclamation, co-operative sheep-farming and the like, but to restore to Scotland its lost sense of national dignity and self-respect, the southward drift of population will continue. The cities, with their glamorous promise of wages and cinemas, and their bitter disillusionment when it is too late, will go on absorbing and destroying the children of the clans. "Cha till, cha till MacCruimmen." We are not optimists in John Bull's almost forgotten semi-island north of the Great Glen. In a world which tends to think exclusively in terms of animosities between Great Powers we are prepared to admit that, it may be, twilight has settled for ever on the Highlands and that "in war and peace alike" the great piping comes no more.

ALASTAIR

Correspondence

LABOUR AND WAR RESISTANCE

SIR,—The National Council of Labour's Report on "International Policy and Defence" contains many admirable things, some disputable points, and one remarkable omission. This Report is admirably clear and full in its account of the foreign policy of the next Labour Government. One may criticise minor details but agree that we have here the outline of a bold, realistic, constructive policy for re-building the collective system that the National Government's foreign policy has helped to destroy.

But there are problems that are even more important for Labour while in opposition than the character of the international policy to be pursued if and when Labour comes to power.

First, what is Labour's attitude to the National Government's rearmament programme? On this immediate issue the National Council of Labour's Report is less clear and full than on the remoter question of the next Labour Government's foreign policy. On the latter point the Parliamentary Party, which interprets Labour's policy in the House, is given specific instructions. On the former point the National Council's Report is vague, but there is no doubt that the Report is generally interpreted as binding on the Parliamentary Party, in fact if not in theory. As the *Times* puts it:

> There is therefore no longer even an appearance of disagreement between the Government and the Labour Opposition on the need for the rearmament that is in progress.

It is an open secret that the Right Wing Trade Union and political leaders of the Labour Party have for a long time been in favour of Labour voting for the Government's arms programme. The arguments that were used to induce the Parliamentary Party to abstain from voting on the arms estimates this year, instead of voting against as it did last year, were all arguments in favour of voting *for* the Government's arms programme. So are the arguments of the Report and of its advocates. After the acceptance of this Report the Parliamentary Party will only make itself ridiculous if it continues to abstain instead of voting for the Government's arms estimates.

Now, this new policy, which is implied but not explicitly laid down in the Report, is a reversal of that adopted by the Parliamentary Party last year, for reasons that were clearly stated at the time. In July, 1936, the Parliamentary Party issued a Manifesto on Armaments and Foreign Policy, which declared that the Labour Party would vote against the estimates, adding that

> A vote against an estimate is not a vote for the abolition of the service concerned, but is a vote in opposition to the policy of which the estimate is the expression.

As Mr. Attlee put it in his admirable chapter on Labour and Defence in *The Labour Party in Perspective*:

> Armaments are an expression of policy. What armed forces it is necessary to have are determined by the policy which is pursued by the Government both at home and abroad. . . . There is some misunderstanding as to the Party's attitude. The Labour Party is opposed to the policy of the National Government in seeking security by piling up huge competitive armaments. It can only tolerate armaments as a necessary support for a policy of collective security. It is fully alive to the dangers which exist in Europe today owing to the aggressive policy of the Fascist Powers, but it has no confidence in the will of a Capitalist Government to oppose them. There is every indication that the policy pursued is an attempt to play the old game of alliances based on the maintenance of the balance of power. To say that what the Government is doing is necessary for the defence of the country is to beg the whole question. I do not believe that the entry into a competition in arms will give security. On the contrary, I think that it is leading straight to the disaster of another world war.

The Report has the effect of repudiating this attitude. This repudiation seems to be based partly on the National Council's view of electoral exigencies, and partly on a new willingness to rally to the Government on national defence out of the belief that this is the right thing to do, quite apart from electoral tactics. Sir Walter Citrine, in his speech at Norwich, said that the "Labour movement cannot be indifferent to the defence of its own shores."

Labour surely has not forgotten that every war, even the Boer War and the invasion of Manchuria, Abyssinia and China have all been justified as wars of self-defence?

The practical effect of the Report is to commit the Labour Party to supporting the National Government in any war, regardless of what the Government's foreign policy may be.

What the Government mean by "defence" is to put themselves in a position to use the threat of war, and eventually war, as an instrument of national and Imperial policy. That is what defence is bound to mean in the conditions of international anarchy and power politics. For the whole point about international anarchy, as contrasted with a collective system, is that nations do not acknowledge any general law or accept third party judgment in their disputes. The Government's Defence White Paper of March, 1936, made it quite clear that defence just meant what it has always meant, *e.g.*, the "free passage between the different parts of the Empire of troops and supplies of all kinds," or, as Sir Samuel Hoare explained in the House on March 11th, 1937, a plan for building a British navy capable of defending the whole of the British Empire and its sea routes and operating of itself in both hemispheres. Hong Kong and Singapore, Cyprus, Malta and a number of West and South African bases are being feverishly fortified in pursuance of this policy.

In fact, as Mr. Leonard Barnes says: "Empire co-operative defence is a mealy-mouthed and disingenuous term for the jeering provocation of *Britannia contra mundum*. It is not, as Brailsford puts it, "the simple expression of the natural human wish that our shores should be inviolate and our bread secure. It is the instrument of economic empire."

If, after destroying the League and throwing China, Abyssinia and Spain to the wolves, the National Government decides to fight Japan because of our interests in the Far East or Italy over the Mediterranean, or Germany rather than allow Hitler to have back one of the colonies we filched at Versailles, is the Labour Party prepared to plunge into a world war for such reasons?

In the House of Commons, on March 15th, 1937, Mr. F. Montague, speaking for the Labour Party, said: "Do the Government believe that the manhood of this country will throw itself into another war of unnameable horrors for the continued possession of mandates in Africa, for Togoland for instance? If they do, they must be mad."

By destroying the League the Government have forced all who believe in the collective system and the rule of law to choose in present circumstances between being little Englanders—which for all practical purposes means pacifists—or Imperialists. For to-day the only way to *prevent* our country being invaded and its cities laid waste is to refuse to fight for the Empire. If and when we get a Government that carries out Labour's foreign policy, the situation would be different. But Labour must base its attitude to supporting the Government in war on present realities and not on future hopes, on facts and not on aspirations.

Now a few years ago Labour had a war resistance policy. Its essence was the statement that Labour was pledged to support the League to the utmost, but that "loyalty to the world community on the issues of Peace overrides any national duty to the Government in war." As Henderson put it:

> The Labour Movement is determined that Great Britain's pledge to renounce war as an instrument of national policy shall be honoured to the full, and that if any government should ever seek, in violation of that pledge, to involve Great Britain in war, it will be opposed by the united strength of the whole Labour Movement with all its resources.

Since then, as the Labour Party has declared over and over again, the "National" Government, so far from keeping the League alive, let alone improving it, has killed it and reverted to power politics, where defence means using war as an instrument of national and imperial policy. In the circumstances, the National Council of Labour in its 1937 re-statement of Labour's foreign policy might naturally have been expected to include a new and stiffer version of Labour's war resistance policy, so drafted as to make it apply to the facts and dangers of the present situation as officially recognised in Labour's own pronouncements.

Instead, the National Council of Labour's re-statement of our foreign policy contains not one word about the question of war resistance. That omission is itself a programme. Together with the rest of the Report it virtually commits Labour to supporting the Government in any and every war which the Tories choose to regard as "defensive."

If Labour means ever to refuse to fight for this Government the time to say so is *now*. It is no good leaving the decision to a last minute special Conference when it would be too late to do anything except sing the National Anthem.

AN EX-SERVICEMAN.

THE NURSING PROFESSION

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. Louis Borrill's article on the Nursing Profession. It may seem difficult to believe, but is nevertheless true, that in many hospitals nurses suffer permanent damage to their health, and sometimes actual loss of life, because they are afraid to report sick, or receive inadequate attention when they do. I was at one time the only resident in a hospital where the nurses' septic fingers were fomented and finally treated to an ineffectual nick with a rusty scalpel by the home sister before they were judged ill enough to justify such intimate contact with me as was entailed in a consultation. By that time the pus had invaded the tendon sheath and the nurse was disabled for weeks.

In another hospital I was told the following by the resident whom I succeeded. A nurse complained of sore throat one morning and reported sick. She was told by one of her superiors —matron or assistant matron—that she was soft and she must just go on duty. Later in the day she fainted during a lecture and received a mild reprimand from the lecturer. Still later it was so obvious that she was ill that she was placed in a sick room alone, but, so far as I can recollect, was not seen by a doctor. The sick room was away from the nurses' quarters and near the resident's bedroom. No one came to see her. In the night the nurse felt that she was choking and got out of bed and wandered into the corridor. She opened the first door she saw, which was the resident's, and switched on the light. Realising she had done what no nurse must do she retreated to the corridor. The resident was awakened by the light and on going to investigate found the girl lying in the corridor. She unfortunately did not survive the operation of tracheotomy for laryngeal diphtheria. As the girl evidently had no influential relatives the affair was decently hushed up.

I am not suggesting that these are typical instances of the routine treatment of nurses, but that such incidents can occur in a hospital is food for thought.

Matrons are generally well-meaning, but seldom seem to temper justice with mercy. In many hospitals a word from the matron to the hospital board is enough, and a probationer may be dismissed at a moment's notice though she may be in her final year. I have known of a nurse being dismissed because she used only one screen instead of two when doing a patient's back. In the same hospital I have known of a nurse who, without anyone's orders, removed deep and superficial sutures from a baby's intussusception wound on the fourth day. The wound burst open and the child died. The nurse was merely reprimanded.

A matron exercises over her probationers a power which is unequalled outside a prison or reformatory, and which is not mitigated by the constitutional checks to which these are subject. Too often all disciplinary action is left by the hospital board entirely to the matron, and the nurse is not allowed to say a word in her defence. Years of institutional atmosphere seem in many instances to have a dehumanising effect. It would be interesting and illuminating if one could compile a list of the offences committed by nurses in the order of heinousness as they appear to the matron. We should find some remarkable inversions of the normal order.

That nurses in training should be subject to reasonable discipline and should be in at a definite hour is only right. That a discipline almost as rigid as for probationers should be exercised over sisters who have done their training and are now earning their living in a responsible profession is utter tyranny. Picture a woman who has spent at least four years in her professional education and has been ten years in charge of a ward having to apply for a late pass if she wants to go to the second house of a cinema, perhaps to be told that she has had one already this week and can't have another.

It is, however, in their inter-relationships as sister to nurse and nurse to nurse that the system shows where the great weakness lies; its name is temperament. The relationships are sometimes ideal, but I have on many occasions heard a sister or a nurse, for some trifle, address her junior in language which, if used from man to man, would promptly have resulted in assault.

The question of food is, I admit, very important, but I think many nurses would agree with Kipling's Tommy, "We'il wait for extra rations if you'll treat us rational." EX-HOUSE-MAN

SIR,—I have read with interest your article on the nursing profession. I would like to argue one or two points with the author. I speak with considerable experience, having been nursing since 1914. Through the War I worked as a V.A.D. Then completed four years' training at the London Hospital, plus maternity training. Since then I have done private nursing, worked in various nursing homes, in a mental hospital and a rescue home.

At present I am night sister at a West End nursing home. Your contributor, Mr. Louis Borrill, does not appear to know about the State Registration of nurses, and speaks of doctors who at least carry a voucher of their skill. Every trained nurse carries with her a State certificate and her hospital certificate, showing she has satisfactorily passed her examinations in theoretical and practical work. As to those calling themselves nurses with no certificates, they are extremely few these days, and would not be employed by any doctors or institutions.

As regards salary, after all, the nursing profession is the only one in which young girls can be efficiently trained free of charge, given a salary, plus board and lodging, which at the present day is usually pretty good, and at some of the larger hospitals quite luxurious. Even so long ago as 1918, I did not find the work too hard—the hours of duty have much improved since then—and I think the majority of nurses were quite happy. I think the hardest time for a nurse is when she is over forty. Unless one has some administrative post, it is difficult to earn more than £100 a year, and there is no provision for one's old age. After over

twenty years of nursing, I am now working twelve hours every night, 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. with just two free nights a month. One has no time for social life or other interests. If a "Nurse's Charter" is formed it will probably only affect those in institutions. It is those who work in small nursing homes, run for private profit, who have to do the longest hours for an inadequate salary. Nurses are healthy and happy women as a rule. It is when one is over forty, one realises how much one has missed in the world, and how the majority of us have not been able to save one penny. I think some provision should be made for those who have reached this age. Personally, I can only envy probationers of the present day.

NIGHT SISTER

THE BRITISH GOVERNING CLASS

SIR,—It was refreshing, on turning to Critic's "Diary" last week to find someone on the Left realising the socio-psychological interest of the national pavilions in the Paris Exhibition—and particularly of the British Pavilion. One could imagine our old friend, the Martian, taken for a tour of the Exhibition as his introduction to this planet, deciding that obviously something had been happening on Earth which had profoundly stirred most of the peoples—moving them either to direct political expression through art (as in Spain, U.S.S.R., Germany, Italy), or at any rate to art which was vigorous and experimental precisely because it reflected some sort of social change; but that clearly one nation had remained outside of, and untouched by, whatever it was that had stirred the rest of the world—that nation being Great Britain. Here, he would say, is clearly an island of stability, where peace, quiet, and tradition still rule, and where, in consequence, Good Form is still unchallenged by Bolshevism (or whatever the bug may be which has bitten the others).

Yet, following Critic, one wonders whether this Martian explanation of the phenomenon is the right one; or whether it is not rather the case that the British governing class, very conscious of the Bolshevism without its borders, deliberately chose to express itself in this particular way. May not, for instance, the British Pavilion be a clear-cut message to the French Right and to all the scattered sections of the European *ancien régime* that—despite Popular Fronts and vulgar slogans about Democracy—one nation still stands firm for the Old Order and the Things That Matter—the more expensive forms of sport, "week-end," breeding, and as much arty-culture as a gentleman may absorb without becoming either Bohemian or effeminate?

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IS ABYSSINIA CONQUERED?

SIR,—In the "Comments" in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION references are made to Ethiopia and to the Emperor which seem to me to need some correction. The Emperor Hailé Selassie should not be referred to as the ex-Emperor, because he is recognised as the Emperor by most Governments in the world, including our own; he has never abdicated and has no intention of so doing. The Emperor has not abandoned the task of pleading for his country at Geneva. Careful perusal of his note to the Secretary-General will show that not only does he plead for Ethiopia but very strongly indicates that he will be represented at Geneva when Abyssinia is on the Agenda and also that he has at Geneva a permanent delegate to the League.

It may be that Ethiopia could be described as no longer an independent State, but it is most certainly not conquered. During the last few weeks several reliable newspapers have carried accounts not only of the appalling difficulties encountered by the Italians, but also of the continuing and increasing resistance of the Ethiopians. These stories have been used in articles by journalists of the calibre of Mr. Philip Jordan and Mr. W. N. Ewer. Nor must it be forgotten that the Rome correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, in the issue of August 8th, said that "unless she (Italy) obtains British recognition of her conquest it will be almost impossible for Italy to secure the submission of the natives to her rule."

I know only too well that the cause of Abyssinia is not, at the moment, a very popular movement. China has ousted Spain from the front pages of the newspapers and Abyssinia has nearly disappeared; but, it remains a question of extreme importance for those who believe in the League system and international law and justice. Owing to the rigid Italian censorship news from Ethiopia is anyhow scanty and there is, as a result, a markedly defeatist attitude among those in this country who should support her cause. Surely, the very fact of Mussolini's obvious desire for "recognition" should make it imperative for those who believe in freedom to champion Ethiopia?

The Japanese aggression against Manchuria was a disgraceful affair—made possible, it is obvious from Mr. Stimson's book, by the refusal of the British Government to accept the United States' offer of co-operation. Manchuria was not an independent country. Abyssinia is therefore the first independent country, who is also a member of the League, to be invaded by an aggressor. Manchukuo has not been recognised. Why should the Italian decree of annexation of Abyssinia be recognised? If the occupation and annexation by an aggressor of a province of a member of the League is not recognised, why should an independent member of the League be recognised as annexed by an aggressor? The urgent thing is to preserve Abyssinia's rights at Geneva and prevent recognition; for thus may two objects be secured—first that other countries, potential victims, will feel that whatever happens they will not be completely deserted; and secondly that Italy, unable to obtain financial assistance, may be the unwilling demonstrator that aggression does not pay!

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"THE BREAK-UP OF THE PRISON SYSTEM"

SIR,—I do not know who wrote your excellent article in the last issue, under the above title, but as one of your regular readers at once sent a copy to me, to inquire whether I were the culprit, perhaps you will allow me space to say how much I wish I could plead guilty, for I agree with all the article says and hold it to be the best constructive discourse on the subject I have yet read.

In a humble way I have, as a writer and student mixed up a very great deal with all those who administer the criminal law and who break it, and that for several years. And again and again I have been impressed with the futility of our penal methods, be the improvement in our prisons never so great. At the best this may be said to perform the duties of a traffic policeman. They hold up one stream of nuisances while the other is going through.

But I am pessimistic as to the likelihood of any rapid change for the better, because average British human nature still thinks in accordance with the dictates of the psychology of yesterday. The convicted lawbreaker is a wicked person who must be uncomfortably punished. From the moment of his arrest to long after his discharge from prison, he is treated as a righteous-minded public feel in deference to its own respectability he ought to be treated. It is ashamed at (and angry with) the nakedness of his behaviour. It feels in a national Garden of Eden, where everyone is supposed to be quite well, that invalids must be punished and discouraged, because they upset the national faith. Perhaps one day man may return to his first innocence before the Puritan serpent turned up and decide to be naked and *un*ashamed. Then, of course, prisons and hospitals will amalgamate, and everyone will be either in or out patients.

ARTHUR R. L. GARDNER

COLLECTIVE INSECURITY

SIR,—In his review of Mrs. Swanwick's book *Collective Insecurity* (which I have not yet had the opportunity of reading), Mr. Leonard Woolf suggests that pacifists can do nothing to make peace or prevent war "in the existing international situation and with the existing communal psychology. . . ."

Pacifists would go farther and say that, in the *existing* situation, there is nothing that *anyone* can do. Hence their appeal for an immediate international conference to discuss and meet the economic needs of the dissatisfied Powers. This would at once ease existing tension and, combined with disarmament—if necessary by example—it would go far to remove the "communal psychology" of fear.

Mr. Woolf rightly stresses the present absence of international "security." But the insecurity of Germany, Italy (and, we may add, Japan) has been shown by Messrs. Simonds and Emeny to be largely due to a lack of the essential raw materials of industry. What the dissatisfied Powers could not get by peaceful means they are now trying to take by force in Spain and in China. Their economic insecurity thus gives rise to our fear of attack. Only the pacifists' policy can abolish both. To canalise force (if this were possible) against would-be aggressors is merely to deal with a symptom. Surely the more practical way is to remove the need for aggression.

H. C. D.

TOSCANINI AND FURTWÄNGLER

SIR,—I would like to associate myself with Mr. Albert Jarosy and Mr. S. Dell, who wrote letters in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION upon Mr. W. J. Turner's recent attack upon Toscanini. I have just returned from Salzburg, where I have been privileged to see, and to hear, not only a *great* musician but, as Mr. Jarosy says, a fine *character*. Arturo Toscanini is among the greatest living men, not merely because of his music but because of his courage and his character. Without him I doubt if authors, actors, artists, Americans and musicians would swarm the streets of Salzburg for their holidays every autumn.

This ancient and peaceful town would lose its charm, its trade, and its tourists, if it became a centre of political faction, and situated as it is on the border of Germany it has become a refuge for artists who have been exiled from the country of their birth. Neither Herr Strauss, nor Herr Furtwängler—men of fame in Germany—have shown any courage, nor have they lifted a finger to denounce the exile of their countrymen of eminence. Toscanini has. He has been offered untold sums to conduct orchestras in Italy, Russia and Germany, but he has always refused. as he will never do anything for men whose faith lies in force and who are training the youth of their countries to get physically ready for another war, probably even more devastating than the last.

MARGOT OXFORD

NEWMAN AND KINGSLEY

SIR,—The problem of the dispute between Charles Kingsley and John Henry Newman over the question of truthfulness has been involved in needless complexity because it has been forgotten that the two men approached the matter from different points of view. With Kingsley it was essentially a matter of general principle; but to Newman the main issue was that of his own veracity. Kingsley blundered badly by using words of a too personal kind; and this enabled Newman to concentrate attention on the personal issue. The general question still remained open, however, as to how far, if at all, Catholic theology is possessed of a tendency to untruthfulness.

I have before me the Everyman's Library reprint of Newman's *Apologia;* and in the "Introduction" to it, by Dr. Charles Sarolea, is a very interesting treatment of this subject. Dr. Sarolea acknowledges the completeness of Newman's personal victory. "Being levelled against a man who had sacrificed everything—career, affections, reputation—to the heroic pursuit of truth for its own sake, such an attack [as Kingsley's] was as monstrous as it was gratituitous." Nevertheless (Dr. Sarolea continues), when the personal issue is laid aside, the general question of the Catholic conception of truth is found to be still unsettled. "Triumphant though the *Apologia* may be, considered merely as a vindication of himself, it cannot be asserted that it is equally conclusive as a vindication of Roman Catholicism. In my opinion the *Apologia* is no answer to Kingsley's general argument against Rome, and Kingsley's argument demanded an answer then, and it still demands an answer to-day." "*Simplicity cannot be the character of Catholic truth*, because Catholic theology has been made into an exact science." The "perpetual hair-splitting distinctions and the scholasticism" tend to produce, argues Dr. Sarolea, a spirit of "duplicity."

These considerations undoubtedly ought not to be forgotten, nor the possibility that a system which forbids doubt of its dogmas may not be friendly to "truth for truth's sake." In the appreciation of the fine character of John Henry Newman, and in resentment of the tactless nature of Kingsley's attack, one is apt to overlook the still unsolved general problem; but that problem remains important.

J. W. POYNTER

Highbury, N.5.

Miscellany

DINNER WITH A SPY

OVER Valencia hangs a big white moon, throwing heavy shadows across the boulevards and strolling couples. It is warm and pleasant. The street cars rattle down the broad roadway, only a faint blue light behind their numbers. Cigarettes glow in the dark. Small bands of uniformed soldiers walk arm in arm singing marching songs. Big cars roar up, and flash importantly past; lightless. Munition trucks thunder by on their way to Madrid. Heavy camouflaged camions lumber along, their Red Cross flags indistinct in the gloom. Big Ford ambulances with the striking yellow cross of the Sanidad de Guerra. The city is alive with life and movement.

Inside the big hotel everything is gay in the brilliantly illuminated dining-room. Officers in smartly cut uniforms; khaki and gold stripes. Carabineros in their olive green. Journalists in light summer costume of their respective nations and sexes, linen jackets, silk flowered dresses. Fighting men in shirt sleeves with two-day beards and heavy service revolvers swaying at their belts. Politicians and Civil Servants in neat lounge suits, olive complexioned, some with thick lensed glasses, peculiarly Spanish, dark haired, interested in food and wine and good company. Pilots still in their flying-suits; one wearing a short white sheepskin coat, an American, tall and thin and very brown. The waiters, white jacketed, smart, offering cigarettes at fabulous prices: ten pesetas a packet—the price of a silk shirt—for they are profiteers, buying cigarettes from British ships in the harbour and selling them at 500 per cent. profit. The windows are steel shuttered, hung with heavy silk curtains, neither admitting nor losing light, patterned in broad strips of sticking-paper to prevent splintering from shrapnel.

I sit at a table with a young German officer. He is thirty, good-looking and reputed to be the best dressed man in Valencia. He has a suite here at the big luxury hotel whenever he is on leave. Fifty miles down the coast, at Calpe, he has a permanent room at a small but nevertheless luxurious hotel on a rock that juts out into the Mediterranean. With him go Pepita and Conchita, young, dark, attractive. He has a monopoly there; they do not look at anyone else. To-night Pepita and Conchita are dining with us. We have all drunk a lot of very fine Champagne at 75 pesetas a bottle. That is a week's pay for the fighting men. Not so for us if we have foreign currency to convert. The official rate may be 60 or 70, but there are places where we can get 200 pesetas to the pound.

The little German sits facing me. In his absurdly exact uniform he is all Prussian officer. Blue eyed, blond haired. But listen to his talk against the Dictatorships. He is fervently for the Government cause. He is efficient too. A born organiser. He holds an important executive position. Still he boasts. The Government is fortunate in his service. His blue eyes are now a little bloodshot. His gaze rests upon the two girls. Their voices are getting higher. In their similar dresses, they look like twin sisters, nice twins, gay, full of life. It is a pity that they must die.

Suddenly, breaking across the clamour of voices comes the high wail of the air raid alarm. It is born in the tower in the main square, but now syrens have taken it up everywhere. We are all silent, waiting; we get up, some of us unsteadily, and go to the front of the hotel. Searchlights are playing with one another among the clouds. Over the sharp reports of the coast anti-aircraft batteries comes the low, vicious sound of heavy bombers. One, two, twenty? No one knows. A searchlight picks up a 'plane, tri-motored, with tapering wings. Enemy bomber. The machine is silver for a moment surrounded by the dark smoke explosions of the shells; then she dives, out of our sight. A few moments of silence. Then from behind us the heavy, life-shaking, shattering roar and echo of a bomb. And again, farther away this time. The German, turns, and smiles at me. He makes a stale joke. We are safe here anyway, he says. The hotel is a centre of espionage; the enemy do not bomb their own men. But this time I do not smile. I have heard it too often.

Now you can see the dull flicker of flames. There is the clang of fire engines and the higher note of the ambulances. One of those bombs blew a block of flats sky high. Five minutes later comes the all-clear blast of the syrens. We go back to eat. What is an air raid? We are all fatalists by now. To the men from the front it is almost a joke.

The little German talks to me. He tells me he is going to

Paris on a mission. Asks me if I want cigarettes, chocolate, coffee? I smile at him and thank him. Flying to-morrow? I ask. Yes, at twelve o'clock. Paris to-morrow evening. He winks meaningly at me. The girls look jealous. They want to go too. I'll pay you when you come back, I say. No need, he says. I'll get you what you want. A present. He slaps me on the back. I like him very much. I like the two girls also. To hell with everything. Why does it have to happen like this? Why is there a death penalty for spies? Why do these three of all people have to do what they have done?

Later I say good-night. I am not drunk. They are. Well, it's probably the last time for them. I know that when the little German is getting on to the Paris 'plane, perhaps half-way up the gangway, in the morning, someone will give someone else a signal and two black uniformed police will walk forward and he will be led away. He will be silent then, knowing that explanations cannot help. At the same time the girls will hear a knock at their door. They will go too. Twenty-four hours later, a week later, there will come the sharp cracking volley of a firing squad. It is a pity but it must be done.

It was done. Fortuna de Guerra!

CRISTOPHER BRACKENBURY

THE ARTIST AND POLITICS

SEVERAL days after my last article, *Toscanini versus Furtwängler*, appeared I was visited by a mysterious stranger who would not give his name but said he had something to show me. He impressed me sufficiently for me to admit him.

I suppose most readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION possess some sort of wireless set by which they can get foreign stations. The object he unwrapped was a small box not differing at first sight noticeably to me, who am no mechanical or electrical expert, from the sort of boxes which encase the majority of sets I have seen in the windows of gramophone and wireless dealers. But my visitor at once drew my attention to what was a singularity: "Do you notice," he remarked, "that there is no dial but it merely has five black knobs? This is no ordinary wireless set such as enables you to tune in to foreign stations. No, it is nothing of the sort, it is something much more remarkable which I have invented after very many years of research. You may wonder why I have come to you about it, but let me tell you I have not made this to sell, it is something I have made only for those who will use it solely in pursuit of pure knowledge. It so happens that I read your article lamenting the fact that nobody knew what was said by either party in the interview between Furtwängler and Toscanini. Now if you really want to know I am in a position to help you."

"Good heavens!" I replied. "I am not sure that I do want to know if it comes to that. It might be very awkward if the truth were known. Are you not aware that the whole of Europe is divided into pro-Furtwänglers and pro-Toscaninis and you might upset all these people's conceptions and beliefs?"

"Idiot," he muttered, "you know quite well they won't believe a word of it unless they want to. It is to you I am offering this, since I have formed the impression that you are more interested in knowing things as they are than in conceiving them as you want them to be." "Very well," I said, "go ahead. I reserve further comments for the moment. What is the box and what does it do?"

"You must know," he continued, "that every man has a wavelength and I have discovered how to get it. By means of this box I can tune in to Toscanini and to Furtwängler or any other musician, because musicians have more clearly defined wavelengths than other men—owing perhaps to the special physical effect on them of sound vibrations which effect in itself is due to their physical constitution that is part of their musical talent."

"Go on," I said, "I see you are a sound materialist."

"Well," he continued, "you see here five knobs. Now every human being is made up of the four elements: earth, water, air, fire and a fifth ingredient which I do not wish to disclose but which I shall name X. Men vary as the proportions of these elements vary in their make-up. By turning the respective earth, water, air, fire and X knobs I can tune in to any musician. So far, I have only succeeded with musicians because—as I imagine—musicians have these elements in proportions periodically related like the vibrations of musical tones. . . . You look sceptical," he added.

"Not at all," I responded. "You have come to the right person; I believe everything I am told."

"Then that is because you believe nothing!" and I could see he was rather annoyed. "Don't take any notice of what I say," I continued, "trust the instinct that made you come to me and carry on." "Well, I tuned in to Toscanini and Furtwängler and I have their conversation recorded if you care to hear it?"

"Very much," I quickly replied, pumping up from the very bottom of my nature what few dregs of enthusiasm I have left. Apparently satisfied with this, he began turning the knobs and presently voices were distinguishable and then this is what I heard:

Furtwängler: It is exceedingly kind of you, Toscanini, to receive me.

Toscanini (briefly): I receive you as a fellow-musician.

Furtwängler: I know you disapprove of my taking an official position in my country, but I am a German. I have to accept the recognised Government of my country. I am only one German among sixty-odd millions.

Toscanini: You are a musician and you allow fellow-musicians to be persecuted.

Furtwängler: It is not in my power to prevent it.

Toscanini: You could refuse to be a party to it.

Furtwängler: Supposing there were a revolution in your country and you were on the side of the rebels—or do you think politics do not concern artists?

Toscanini: An artist is a man, everything that concerns a man must concern him.

Furtwängler: But is there no difference?

Toscanini: I will tell you. No political party can be wholly in the right; every revolution, when it happens, happens because it was necessary; what is necessary is so far good, but there is no absolute good; the artist as citizen has no more power over the Government than any other individual citizen but in his art he has power according to his authority. *Génie oblige.*

Furtwängler: But the Communists and Marxists maintain that all art must have a political purpose or it is worthless—the mere rootless fancy of an individual sitting in his ivory tower trying to escape from what is around him. If my country's Government had been a Communist one the very people who now attack me—the young intelligentsia of England and France—would be applauding me for being a great artist because my politics were right—I mean Left.

Toscanini: I am not concerned with what such young hotheads think. Do you know or don't you know what it is to be an artist?

Furtwängler (hesitating): Well . . .

Toscanini: Yes, you know your metier, you are a good musician but are you an artist?

Furtwängler: My position has been a very difficult one.

Toscanini: That is not the point. An artist, a true artist, has to have his own standards of value in his art, therein lies his only virtue. What he wants must be law until he recognises a higher law in another artist. This has nothing to do with politics or propaganda. The best is the best. The artist must be absolutely free within his own art. As a citizen he has a limited freedom, his freedom is limited by that of other citizens; as an artist his freedom can only be limited by that of other artists; he must not brook interference from any Government, any religion, any organisation.

Furtwängler: What about a trade union or a Soviet committee of orchestral musicians?

Toscanini : I do not say to an orchestra : You must work for such a salary or for such hours and at such times, any more than I tell them what they must eat or drink or how they should part their hair. I accept what I can accept but I am the judge of what freedom I need to do the best I can in my art.

Furtwängler : So am I.

Toscanini : Yes, there is no answer to that.

Furtwängler : Maestro, I do not think that your reading of the first prisoner's chorus in *Fidelio* is correct.

Toscanini : It is as I feel it.

Furtwängler : I feel it differently. I think you take it too fast.

Toscanini : You may be right, no artist is perfect, let me hear your tempo.

Furtwängler : I take it thus. . . . The prisoners are overwhelmed by their freedom.

Toscanini : Freedom ! I am not free to adopt your tempo. I feel it thus. . . . But I do not force you to adopt my tempo.

Furtwängler : But you force your chorus to—

Toscanini : I am not free. I do not *choose* my tempi. I have to take them as I do.

Furtwängler : I think my tempo expresses what Beethoven felt about freedom.

Toscanini : I do not know what Beethoven felt. . . . Do not let us talk any more, it is to no purpose.

Furtwängler : But . . .

Toscanini : Do not talk any more, I cannot listen to you, go away.

Furtwängler : But, Maestro . . .

Toscanini : I hate talk, go away, leave me alone.

Furtwängler : But . . .

Toscanini : I know what I feel, I have no reasons ; I must go. Addio ! Addio !

The machine buzzed and then stopped. I looked up in surprise, but to my astonishment my mysterious visitor and his machine had completely vanished. W. J. TURNER

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND UP TO DATE

BY this time many people know that *The Moon in the Yellow River* is one of the most remarkable of modern plays. Its theme is Free-State Ireland. It is a play of several facets, subtle, exciting, funny, poignant, and it has never been thoroughly performed—at least in this country. It has been acted in New York and in Dublin—probably better. In the three attempts which have been made in London (two in 1934) only some aspects were successfully brought out, only certain scenes given full effect, only some of the characters well acted. This, the third attempt at the Westminster Theatre, is no better than the other two. If every part in *The Moon in the Yellow River* were well cast and if the contribution of each character were balanced with a view to the total effect of the scenes, it would be seen that the repertory of the stage has been enriched by a play as fine in some respects as Tchehov's ; as humane in the comprehension of character, as tolerantly faithful to the many-sidedness of things, and as responsive to their farcical aspect. Like the best work of Tchehov, this play was born of the conflict between divided sympathies, detachment being only the means by which the dramatist holds the balance between those sympathies, and, even more difficult, between his irony and his woeful awareness of being himself involved in predicaments seen sometimes as a hopeless farce, sometimes as a lamentable, but not ignoble, tragedy.

The character in the play which comes nearest to embodying this complex response to post-civil-war Ireland is Dobelle, an Irish engineer who, after a distinguished career in different parts of Europe, and being stricken by the death of his wife in childbirth, has joined his foolish, fussy, fearless virgin of a sister, and now lives together with her and his daughter (aged, say, fifteen) in an old fort somewhere near the mouth of a river in Ireland. Like Larry Doyle in *John Bull's Other Island*, Dobelle's professional connection with the world of business where men get things done whatever the ultimate value of them in terms of human happiness, has made him sarcastically contemptuous of Irish inefficiency and romanticism. Larry, one of the most completely realised characters Bernard Shaw ever drew, was not an uncommon Irish type : he was a man capable of being moved only by ideals in which he did not believe. His life was a perpetual struggle to get used to the real world—his one point of honour not to feel an exile in it, to which feeling both his Catholic childhood and his dreaming youth spent in the dreamy atmosphere of poverty-stricken Roscullen had condemned him. Hence his enthusiasm for the big international world of engineering and business into which he had escaped. But that world did not really fill him with enthusiasm—hence his fierce contemptuous dislike of Father Keegan who, with the same heartsickness in him, had turned in the opposite direction, away from the practical world to live in contemplation of a far-off perfection. Larry, you remember, had felt as keenly as Father Keegan the futility and vulgarity of Broadbent's schemes for turning Roscullen into a paying holiday resort, yet Larry fought savagely on Broadbent's side ; anything was more tolerable than the hopelessness of a visionary's protest. Larry was not going to drown himself by attempting to embrace the reflection of " the moon in the yellow river."

The contribution to the dramatic situation in *John Bull's Other Island* made by Broadbent's descent upon Ireland resembles that of Tausch in this play. Only with a difference : in the place of a blatant, shrewd, eupeptic, impetuous, kindly Philistine ass, blundering into the lives of people he is incapable of understanding, we now watch a far more respectworthy and in his proper sphere not at all a ridiculous figure doing the same thing. Tausch is a man who believes in the mission of science, not as a materialist but as an idealist : that through mastery of matter, man's path to happiness can be cleared. Scientific optimism and belief in progress is not an absurd creed, though it requires considerable glosses to save it from being so. Tausch is only absurd because he thinks that its truth must be also obvious to Irishmen who by temperament and tradition are usually alive to everything that can be urged against it. They have listened too long to " the blessed mutter of the Mass " to invest much hope in electricity. Tausch, however, has come to Ireland on the quixotic mission of bringing the blessings of applied science to a country where they are most needed. Broadbent, with his projects (" why not start a Garden City in Ireland ? "), his schemes for starting hotels, golf courses, pleasure boats (you will remember perhaps Keegan's pained interruption, " Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy waters " ?), had, true to type, one eye askew on the main chance. Not so Tausch, and it was Tausch's disinterestedness which made Dobelle think his arrival in Ireland particularly disastrous. Dobelle, as well he might have been, had been sickened to despair by the consequences of post-war idealism in Ireland. He liked Tausch personally, but here was another idealist who would only add to the confusion and conflict.

When the play *opens* Dobelle's disillusionment has formulated itself in a somewhat shoddy mysticism. As far as that character is concerned, the development of the play is Dobelle's modulation out of this. In the last touching and beautiful scene between him and his daughter, he reaches more sensible and humane philosophy. But at the beginning he tells Tausch he is convinced that progress is the product of scoundrels intent on their own ends : the devil is the god for him. Tausch, therefore, is not only a fool whose power-house is doomed to destruction but, since he is a well-meaning fool, one who will be a curse to everybody. For the moment, however, Dobelle is cosily ensconced in his sardonic pessimism, which justifies his taking no side, fooling about with a toy-railway and indulging " his sarcastic neurosis " by laughing at everybody and everything.

The power of "Mortmain" lies heavy upon Ireland, and he has no faith in the well-springs of the future. He is particularly conscious of that heavy weight, for it was to the Catholic doctrine that a new-born child must be saved at the sacrifice, if necessary, of a mother, that he owes the death of his much-loved wife. He can hardly bear the sight of his daughter in consequence, and he behaves, until the very last scene of all, with unconscious cruelty towards her. The Church is his enemy, but he has no friend.

It was high time that *John Bull's Other Island* should be thus brought up to date. As in that play, the incursion of an uncomprehending stranger precipitates conflicts, momentarily held, so to speak, in solution. But much bloody water has flowed under the bridge since Shaw wrote and, willy-nilly, Irishmen with different views of life have been forced to take sides. It is true a large number of them have tried to avoid it by running backwards and forwards. Although this is due in part to the national failing, which is lack of moral courage, there is some excuse for these zig-zaggers. The tragedy of Ireland is that circumstances so often compel friend to fight against friend. There is a most significant expression in the warning which Dobelle addresses to Tausch in the first act. Not only, he says, will Tausch find himself up against bogey-men "who breathe fire from their nostrils and vanish in smoke" . . . "enormous fat crows, that will never rest till they have pecked out your eyes, and left you blind and dumb with terror," but "in the mists that creep down from the mountains, you will meet monsters that glare back at you *with your own face*." Issues are only occasionally clear-cut everywhere, but in Ireland they are tragically mixed. To Tausch, this talk seems foolish extravagance, but it is hardly over before they are held up by a youth with a handkerchief tied round the lower part of his face and a revolver in his hand. The youth, however, turns out to be feckless and harmless, and to be mortally afraid of his mother, who is in Dobelle's service. This is a mild eye-opener for Tausch compared with the next one. Willy is a forerunner of Darrell Blake and his republican volunteers who have assembled to blow up Tausch's power station—without, of course, any animosity—only as pure ideologists. The Darrell Blakes are much more characteristic of Ireland to-day than the Father Keegans. Whether Ireland should be coloured green or red upon the map is not, for Darrell Blake, a matter of supreme importance; it is Industrial Civilisation, and the ethics and religion which go with it, he loathes. Friendly, poetical, gentle in himself, he is prepared to murder and wreck in order to save Ireland as a country where he thinks spiritual life is still possible.

I do not propose to tell the story of the play, how the power station was saved by the timely appearance of Commandant Lanigan, only to be blown sky-high by the accidental muddling of George and Captain Potts. I will confine myself to criticism of the production. It was faulty. Some of the parts were excellently played. Mr. Noel Iliff was a good Dobelle, though he underplayed the restless hysterical aspect of him and, decidedly, that moment when for a second or two he mistakes his daughter for his wife. He told the story of his uncle shooting his horse when aiming at a rabbit extraordinarily well, but he addressed it directly at the audience instead of his sister. It is a sure laugh, but for a moment Mr. Iliff stepped out of the picture. Miss Betty Chancellor was admirable as Blanaid; the only thing she did not do well was what the producer ought never to have set her to do. When Blake was shot, she knelt down by his body and after feeling his wound cried gently as the curtain descends. This is clean against the text. The weak sentimentality of it destroys the actuality of that off-hand, merciless, but from Lanigan's point of view necessary, murder. When she hears the shot she should appear at the door, stare at the body of her one friend and begin to faint. It is, of course, Tausch who ought to examine the body.

As in Tchehov's plays the balance between farce and tragedy must be very nicely held. Potts, George, Agnes, Columba Dobelle, who by the bye is Darrell Blake's aunt, are extremely funny characters. The temptation is to get as much laughter out of them as possible, but to do it at the cost of the rest of the dialogue is fatal. The by-play, for example, of Potts and George hammering at the shells to see if they are duds, swamped a far more significant passage between Dobelle and Tausch. The shooting of Darrell Blake by Lanigan, his old comrade-in-arms, who knows that it will soon be his turn to get a bullet in the back and admires Blake, was not nearly as effective as in the other two performances I have seen. Mr. Ian Aylmer is weak in the part of Darrell Blake. It is not only that he cannot sing Li Po's song, but he cannot convey the high, ruthless and yet feckless passion of that ideologist. The dramatic balance between Blake's point of view and Lanigan's or Tausch's, is seriously disturbed. Mr. Gifford's "Willie" was overplayed, and his articulation was indistinct. George, to my disappointment, was not played as though he were an Irishman—important if all the fun is to be got out of him and his friend Captain Potts. Mr. Hamlyn Benson, excellent in that part, was too greedy after laughs. But there I am again inclined to blame the producer, who seems often ready to spoil the play in order to make it "go" superficially.

Mr. Nigel Fitzgerald, amiable and frantic, was the best Tausch I have seen.

It is well worth while to go to the Westminster Theatre, but something must be done at the points indicated if this fine play is not to fall far below itself in production. The last scene between father and daughter should be in semi-darkness, not sallowly and strongly illuminated.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Crazy Days," at the Shaftesbury
"Going Greek," at the Gaiety

The essentials of musical comedy are, presumably, music and comedy, and its purpose is to send the audience away with a smile on its face and a tune on its lips. Both these shows provide the smile, but neither of them provides the tune. There is a great deal of music, but none of the kind that follows you into the foyer. In spite of the titles, Stanley Lupino is no more crazy then Leslie Henson, and scarcely less Greek. There is, indeed, very little to choose between the two entertainments; they both consist of a number of peaks of hilarity separated by troughs which will be found boring or merely recuperative according to the spectator's degree of enthusiasm for this sort of thing. Possibly Lupino's peaks were higher and more prolonged than Henson's, but if Leslie is your cup of tea you will no doubt think otherwise. Certainly the troughs at the Shaftesbury were correspondingly deeper. When Lupino and Leo Franklyn (who ably subbed for Laddie Cliff) were off the stage the fun slumped furiously. Arty Ash as a surrealist, candle-chewing thug, and Arthur Rigby Junior as a Blimp of the younger generation, were the best of the supporting cast, and the latter's display of literally speechless indignation was a pantomimic gem. The audience also took kindly to Gloria Day's tap dancing. The Gaiety has a stronger company altogether, and when Henson and Fred Emney were taking a well-earned breather, Roy Royston and Louise Browne carried on gracefully enough, aided by Gavin Gordon as a ferocious basso bandit, and Richard Hearne, whose body is as plastic as Henson's face, as an opera singer. But neither of these shows contains enough material for three hours. Since the plot of *Crazy Days* is so complicated as to be incomprehensible, and that of *Going Greek* so tenuous as to be unnoticeable, nothing would be lost if the two companies were to play in adjoining theatres and change over at the interval.

New Ballet at Covent Garden

At Sadler's Wells there has been given an excellent version of "The Gods Go A-Begging" to the delightful selection of Handel's music arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham, and this same music conducted by Sir Thomas was chosen for the new ballet at Covent Garden with choreography by David Lichine and costumes by Juan Gris, the scenery by Bakst. The costumes are attractive in colour and design, and the choreography shows Lichine as successful in a more conventional and lyrical style as he has been

in the dramatic "Francesca da Rimini" ballet. In spite of several entertaining new ballets one gets the impression that Col. de Basil's company is resting on its laurels rather overlong. The company's repertory is getting rather worn in places. Such ballets as the "Prince Igor" dances, the "Danses Slaves and Tziganes," "Aurora's Wedding," and even "La Boutique Fantasque" might well be put into storage for a while. Lichine, who has shown that he has possibilities as a successor to Massine, should be encouraged to fresh and more daring ventures, and it will be a pity if the company does not get something new from Massine along the lines of "Choreartium" and the "Symphonie Fantastique."

"Knight Without Armour," at the London Pavilion, from Monday

When the study of hokum has been a little further advanced, it will perhaps be possible to say whether Mr. James Hilton's story or Mr. Korda's film of it is the more artistic. For the moment there must be some in favour of Mr. Korda's star crossing of lovers and revised ending, and others who prefer Mr. Hilton's own understatement and faux-relentlessness. The latter party will be able to point out, for instance, that whereas in the book the Russian Countess, and the Englishman helping her to escape from the turmoil of revolutionary Russia, are thoroughly sympathetic; in the film neither Miss Dietrich nor Mr. Donat claim such attention. Miss Dietrich looks nice occasionally and, when bathing, positively alluring, but she never gets within miles of the character. Mr. Donat acts the Englishman as before, very decently but monotonously. The smaller parts are better conceived and better done too. A mad station-master signalling unseen trains is brilliant. The technical qualities are remarkable for an English film. The trains look like trains, snow like snow and a Russian country house is just what one expects it to be. The director is M. Jaques Feyder who made *Kermesse Heroique*. Although this is not by any means a first-rate film, the direction, the technique and the story make it well worth seeing.

"Victoria the Great," at the Leicester Square Theatre

The film *Victoria the Great* in which Miss Anna Neagle plays the part of Queen Victoria and Mr. Anton Walbrook that of the Prince Consort, has all the flavour and some of the mustiness of a Victorian family album. Here is Victoria at her accession; here is Albert at home in Coburg, Albert arriving at Dover, the wedding—a happy snap this, and some intimate pictures of Royal honeymooners. The repeal of the Corn Laws is slipped in to show Albert getting into his stride—Balmoral serves to introduce John Brown. In sixty years of reign there is room for a succession of Prime Ministers (who succeeded one another like patient dogs), and for a lot more of that pageantry, which one had hoped to be without for some years to come. Miss Neagle's portrait of Queen Victoria is traditional. She is stubborn, adoring, crushing, dumpy, broken-hearted and deeply touched as the occasion demands. Mr. Walbrook's part is smaller and stiffer, but he does it remarkably well and his German accent is authentic. The makers of this film have been pleased to call it the story of a glorious reign. It is hardly that. The glories of the reign—factory acts, the improvements in prisons, the removal of some of the grossest forms of judicial savagery, the reform of nursing and a hundred other humane acts are left to the imagination. The film is rather a series of vignettes which show the life of a virtuous bourgeois household which stood in a peculiar relation to the public. And while the photographs are prettily posed and nicely taken, the general effect is a little dull.

"Topper," at the Empire

As anyone who saw *The Scoundrel* will remember, the ghosts of worldly wicked people have sometimes a little difficulty in quitting forever the scene of their misdemeanours. Mr. Coward, they will remember, was earthbound until someone could be found to say a good word for him; in *Topper* Miss Constance Bennett and Mr. Cary Grant, who die suddenly after displaying all the characteristics which are most odious in the rich and irresponsible, find themselves hovering betwixt substance and shadow with the prospect of continuing to do so unless they can do someone a good turn. The only good turn they can think of is the emancipation of Roland Young, a bank president of their acquaintance. Ghosts are good material at any time. Such young, handsome, glad ghosts as these, who, even when dematerialised, can mend punctures drink cocktails and tease hotel detectives, make very good farce. Too much of Mr. Young's embarrassment or of Miss Bennett's bright hard voice coming from a nowhere near the floor could be a bore—but only the individual filmgoer can say whether this limit is overstepped. In his old musical and rough-house days Mr. Clair might have put this over with more of a swing. But as things are to-day, this is a funnier film than *The Ghost Goes West*, and a great deal more cheerful than *The Scoundrel*.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 24th—
Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, Grosvenor House. Till October 15th.

SUNDAY, September 26th—
Prof. H. Levy on "Can Palestine Free Jewry?", Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, September 27th—
Public Meeting on Spain. Speakers: C. R. Attlee, M.P., Herbert Morrison, M.P., and others, Friends House, 8.
C. Clifford on "The Struggle in China," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
"Busman's Honeymoon" (transfer), Victoria Palace.
"Knight Without Armour," London Pavilion.
"Liebesmelodie," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, September 28th—
Joseph McCabe on "Rationalism and the Churchless Four-Fifths," Conway Hall, 7.
Opening Night of Ballet Season, Sadler's Wells.
"A Day at the Races," Curzon Cinema.
"People in Love," Ambassadors.

WEDNESDAY, September 29th—
Exhibition of Fifty Books of the Year, First Edition Club, 6 Little Russell Street. Till October 29th.
Harry Pollitt and other speakers on "Communist Party Policy and the War Crisis," Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
Opening Night of Opera Season: "Aida," Sadler's Wells.
"The Last Straw," Comedy.

THURSDAY, September 30th—
"Mr. Gladstone," Gate.

FRIDAY, October 1st—
Exhibition of Spanish Children's Drawings, 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. To be opened at 3.15 by Mr. David Low. Till October 15th.

as times change
SHELL changes too
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE child whose chin only reaches just above the edge of the table knows it, and all the things on it, much better than grown-up people and in a different way, for it sees all the objects as separate individuals and not as the featureless units of their classes. The table itself, if not the only table in the world, is one of four or five others, each of which has a completely different character. Some young children even know each of the knives, forks and spoons by sight, and will, of course, instantly detect the presence of a stranger which has been carelessly thrown amongst them after, let us say, a picnic, which is one of the rare occasions when the dish of one household gets the chance of running away with the spoon of another. In such a world every object is interesting, for it is an axiom that, to the normal human being, things seen as individuals are interesting, while the same things, if seen as members of a class, are dull. Thus people say: "I can't think what he sees in that, it's only a ——," inserting the name of the category such as "play," "woman's jealousy," "political theory." They feel (quite rightly) that to call anything by the name of its class is to deny that it can be interesting. The child cannot do this, and its ignorance of categories is, I think, why the first chapters of autobiographies are always interesting. It is not that his early memories belong to exciting classes of objects, but that each is the type-specimen from which his ideas are derived. The child's faculty of seeing a rich individuality in material objects survives only in the specialist and skilled craftsman, and when such a man speaks or writes of his own trade he is almost always interesting, in the same way as the man writing of early memories, and, I think, for the same reason. In *The Village Carpenter*, by Walter Rose (Cambridge, 8*s.* 6*d.*), we have a craftsman writing both of his work and of his first childish memories of his craft seen as he played about his grandfather's workshop, in which his father also worked. Probably if he had been able to follow the family trade uninterruptedly, he would never have thought about it in a sufficiently articulate way to write this book, but he was forced by bad trade and weak health to give it up, until, after several years spent as a commercial traveller, he was fortunate enough to become a carpenter again.

* * *

In one passage I felt sure that he was describing not a memory but one of those vivid hallucinations that visit children. After describing the moist cool sawpit in which he loved to descend he says:

> Once when searching for walnuts fallen from the old overhanging tree, I saw a large frog, seated on its haunches, staring at me from off the heaped dust at the end of the pit. With the thoughtlessness common to boys, I raised a stick to strike it, when instantly it covered its eyes with its hands, as though dreading to see the blow that it was powerless to avert. The act was so unexpected and surprising, so truly human in character, that I was at once ashamed and dropped the stick.

I have not met that frog before—but I feel sure Mr. Rose must have come across it in some edifying Victorian book for little boys, and have transferred its action unconsciously to the frogs in the sawpit. The Roses were yeoman farmers, working their own land which they had bought in the sixteenth century. Mr. Rose's grandfather combined cow-keeping with the carpenter's business he founded, and the child's first memories are of the timber-yard where the trees, all sawn into planks by hand, were stacked to season. And Mr. Rose, turning from his memories of hide-and-seek among the stacks of sweet-smelling eleven-by-threes and nine-by-twos, explains how the great butts of timber were carted home, handled by ring-dogs, and marked out with chalk lines for sawing. The sawyers' job was skilled but horribly monotonous, and they gave continual trouble. Mr. Rose ends his account with the words: "I never met a sawyer who has expressed regret at the passing of the work over to the machine." Last year I went over a modern wood-working factory, which was very different from the peaceful carpenter's shop. There was the cleanliness of a hospital ward amid the banshee shrieks of the high-speed saws, which sliced through oak as though it were butter. Every morsel of wood, grain of sawdust and shaving from the saws and automatic planes was sucked down by a vacuum to be pulverised. But the foreman, who designs new tools and combinations of tools to produce complicated mouldings, had all a craftsman's pride in his work. Mr. Rose's workshop was far pleasanter: the men working rapidly with only the hiss of the planes, the quick sound of the saw, and the tapping of mallets and chisels, while the floor grew deeper and deeper in the long curling shavings of deal and ash, elm and oak. The child playing see-saw in the timber-yard grew to the boy who learned by imitation to use his father's tools—and the youth who borrowed from his grandfather to buy his own. For every carpenter has his own tools, adjusted to his own ways of working, and they are not willingly borrowed or lent even between cronies who are spending their lives working on opposite sides of a double bench.

* * *

The Village Carpenter is divided into sections dealing with the work itself. The most interesting to me is the farm carpentry, which ranged from making post and rail fences and five-barred gates to making all the timbering of a barn. Mr. Rose gives a fascinating, detailed account of making one of the old wooden pumps, the relics of which are still sometimes to be seen in fields and farmyards, and which were far less likely to freeze than metal pumps. They were bored with a huge augur out of green elm, and the wood, remaining always saturated, was in no danger of splitting. The elm-wood pipes which supplied London with water in the eighteenth century were no doubt bored in the same way. The actual fitting of the pump in the well was an awkward job. Old Enoch performed the important work of sealing the joint perched on an upright ladder, some way down the well, with a cauldron of scalding fat hanging beside him, and the tree-trunk from which the barrel of the pump was made suspended over his head. There are delightful accounts, with plans, of such things as wooden yokes for cows being milked (the latest pattern in steel is modelled on them), of ancient mole-traps and wooden rat-traps. But the best chapters are devoted to an account of the repairs to old water-mills and those masterpieces of village carpentry, the old post windmills, which were entirely balanced upon one massive baulk of timber. The work of fitting new sails was difficult and dangerous, and the accuracy required to re-cog the great spur wheel was really astonishing. Each of the tapered wooden cogs had to bear exactly the same strain, and the work had to be done rapidly, as the miller was losing money while the mill was idle. With the detailed explanation of how the machinery of the mill worked, Mr. Rose continues the impression the mill made on him as a child:

> The sails always reached to about two feet from the ground, and it was an enthralling experience to stand just before them—as I often did—when a stiff breeze was blowing, and watch them go roaring by: to note the "swoop," "swoop," of each sail as it passed and to follow the orbit of one as it rose to almost sixty feet in the air, immediately to descend and swiftly pass again. The mill was near the school that I attended, and we children learned to know the different degrees—"quarter," "half," "three-quarter" or "full sail"—to which the miller reefed the sails according to the strength of the wind that was blowing. To go into the mill when it was working in a strong wind was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, for only in that way could its true character be understood . . . one was conscious of movement, above, beneath and around; a quivering of the whole structure, a continuous creaking and rumbling, a sensation of terrific power swaying the whole framework.

The Village Carpenter is the kind of book of which there should be more—in which skilled craftsmen write of the technique of their work, and of the changes taking place in it. There are hundreds of books about golf and fishing and rock gardening; it is time there were more about shoe-making, boat-building, and shepherding.

DAVID GARNETT

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

NEW NOVELS

The Wild Goose Chase. By REX WARNER. *Boriswood.* 8s. 6d.
Antonina. By YURI HERMAN. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.
Little Valley. By RAYMOND OTIS. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.
Of Mice and Men. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 6s.
Remembering Laughter. By WALLACE STEGNER. *Heinemann.* 6s.

Somewhere in the latest delivery from Mr. H. G. Wells, a tough publisher complains there are no outstanding figures like Dickens and Tolstoy in the modern novel because there are scores of novelists who can write as well as Dickens or Tolstoy. So there are—scores of imitators, scores who can do that part of the novelist's job which is to make people talk about people; scores who, devoid of any considerable originality or imagination of their own, can produce a good novel which amounts to little more than a criticism of the novel of the past. They cannot, for example, create a Micawber, for that requires imagination; but anyone with talent and some power of criticism can do a better Steerforth or a more tolerable Agnes. That is what is so ultimately boring about to-day's good novels; their virtue is that of the lady who has never been tempted. What does one mean by a good novel? Well, on this list, I consider all except Mr. Warner's are irredeemably good novels. His is much better. It has taken a risk, a leap in the dark, and has sinned. It is a remarkable and original piece of imaginative writing.

Some of it, I thought, was second-class imaginative writing. The best of him owes a debt to Wyndham Lewis, the second and third best suggests *Dracula* and Capra's *Lost Horizon*. But the best is very good and immensely promising. And he has another virtue: though he find himself with a political axe to grind—he is, I suppose, a Communist—he has not written a realistic novel. For the political subject at the moment, the tradition of Swift and Voltaire seems to me more helpful and so Mr. Warner has turned to fantasy.

The story is simple. Three young men set off on bicycles from "our town" to cross "the frontier" to seek the wild goose. The town cheers, makes speeches, revels in the publicity; and half wistfully, half admiringly watches the boys who will never come back. What is this New Country-ish frontier? The threshold of manhood? That journey has been tried before. One, the youngest, does come back. He is the rude and unceremonious one who has given the town spokesman a punch on the nose before he leaves; and he returns, a maniac, to babble out his story. The three travellers succeeded, it appears, in crossing the frontier and there found an appalling, scientific City State, of hermaphrodites living in a city of concrete and ruled by an oligarchy as mysterious as that of Kafka's *The Trial*. Rudolph, the windy empire builder, is delighted; he roars about in aeroplanes and writes letters home about the natives. David, the man with the "first-class brain," is happier still—he becomes an hermaphrodite eagerly in the interests of abstract thought; but George the youngest, is revolted. He inspects the city, sees its cruelty and detects the humbug of its cults, and in the end leads a rebellion which gets more and more Bram Stoker or Capra as it moves to its spectacular and only too simple close. And then—but I had almost forgotten and so, I half suspect, had Mr. Warner—one hears the triumphant wings of the authentic wild geese. The goose hanging in the empty city temple had been a stuffed one.

The first criticism that occurs is that the stupendous is more easily imagined than the significant and that the stupendous is apt to become thinner in substance the larger it gets in size. Mr. Warner's city is just a collection of film sets in the end. The stinging, real and original stuff lies in his satirical portraits of villains and weaklings. This is satire at its caustic, hilarious and immoral best. Here, Mr. Warner has made excellent borrowings from surrealism. The feckless, public school guitar player in his torn dinner jacket, singing "Do de do do" on the moorland, is an admirable fool. It is a pity there is not more of him. The wicked nobleman, living in a marble palace with a thatch roof, surrounded by Greek statuary, and attended by a pair of reluctant and nasty nymphs, is good too. And in the description of the concrete city there are some brilliant pieces of invention. The police force, for example, controls the workers and all dangerous people, by roaring with laughter at them, and playing practical jokes with some sadism thrown in. At the Convent—the city university—a successful lecture is one which provokes the wildest laughter. At the official football matches the results are announced in advance and the losing side is machine gunned. All this comes into the first 200 pages, which are by far the best of the book. On his more indignant side Mr. Warner's imagination has a heavy dose of sadism and cruel ingenuity which leads him to the Bram Stoker exaggerations. There had to be a sinister and horrifying side to the concrete city, but I am one of those who yawn when buttons are pressed and ingenious machinery does the rest. It is the sadistic underside of Mr. Warner's idealism rather than the political dogma which is out of control and leads him to these jejune effects. The mature part of him, though chancy in its appearances, is admirable in satire and in drama, and as a fluent feat of imagination, even though the imagination sags here and there into crude enthusiasm, the book is outstanding.

The interest of the other books for me was chiefly that of the intelligent newspaper article or travel book: they told me about the lives of people I am unlikely ever to know at first hand. Mr. Yuri Herman's Russians are unremarkable young men and women of 1925. The chief figure, Antonina, a girl who is left an orphan at the age of sixteen, becomes a difficult modern woman. She won't be educated, she can't get a job, she can't fall in love, if she marries—and she marries twice—it is with the wrong man. You know the Communist answer to this in advance and particularly the Communist view of the shortcomings of her husbands. Mr. Herman wraps it up pretty well and, in my view, Antonina remains maddening to the end. She is after a strong nice chap in the G.P.U. who spends his time "liquidating filth" in Georgia. Mr. Herman follows the vacillations of Antonina very faithfully—from her first adoration of an actor down to the G.P.U. man she is true to type—but, like the portraits of her two husbands, this one of Antonina is not very much more than a skilful catalogue of moods. A psychological novelist would have composed better and would have cut a lot of the social background and the number of minor characters. They are interesting for a while, these Nepmen and workers with their Housing Centre, their depressing drinking parties, their emotional ups and downs—but one gets tired of them. Where the Russian novelists excel so vividly is at rendering the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday view of life. This is from Mr. Herman: it looks good and yet, is it the Russian novel parodying itself?

> With a husband it was easier, simpler, warmer, for Pavel Pavlich loved her, loved Fiodya. They would read books in the evening, would visit the cinema, in the summer they would buy a water melon, and, cutting it up, they would all three sit and eat it. And they would all spit the seeds into a glass ash-tray. And it would be hot in the street, the cars would hoot, and Pavel Pavlich would wipe his whiskers with a clean handkerchief.

Little Valley is the story of a group of New Mexican peasants during one generation, beginning with their happy isolation and ending in their miserable adjustment to American life. There is one outstanding portrait in the book: Rosa, the proud, self-willed, vain, pretty wife who brings trouble upon everyone. When she is young she breaks out in rebellion, when she is older she commits stupidities—that is well observed. The book is sensitively and simply written with rather less of the air of a watchful sympathetic tourist than Mr. Otis's earlier book about Mexico had; but this air is still about. And, as in Mr. Herman's book, the reader is aware of a conflict of interest and focus between the desire to portray Rosa and the desire to draw a group of people. The old age of Rosa and the pathos of the peasant's lot are movingly shown; but the feud between Rosa's husband and her lover gets less and less convincing as it creeps towards its climax.

The remaining books are short and have the long-short story's merit of saying what they want to say and no more. *Of Mice and Men* is decidedly surprising and queer. It is the story of two casuals who run out of one job into the next. One is a huge half-wit with a grip like a vice and a brain like a pea. He has a sinister mania for touching things—mice, puppies, velvet, girl's hair and sometimes he strokes too hard; the other is a dogged little chap who "travels around" with him and tries in vain to keep the soft-headed, hard-handed fellow out of trouble. The feeble talk of cowboys, their pathetic hopes and affections, their childish preoccupations, are perfectly recorded. The American underdog has provided Mr. Steinbeck with some macabre material. The reader must not be put off the book by its awful jacket and its pointless illustrations.

Remembering Laughter is also strange. This is a Maupassant story set in an Iowa farm, about a Scotch woman who virtually imprisons her husband and her sister in a lifetime's fear of impending accusation. The brevity and economy of the story

heighten its dramatic effect and suggest an inevitability which, however, is not really there. The sister and the husband have, in Calvinist speech, "sinned," but it is hard to believe that for a lifetime they would have submitted to the wife's refusal to have the matter out. Neither is timid or without will. A Maupassant would have made that menacing speechlessness convincing; with only a few more words he would have given the whole of the lives of these people, instead of the rigid façade. But Mr. Stegner, having pointed out that the wife has sublimated her jealousy until it is indistinguishable from Calvinist doctrine, leaves it at that. If there is to be any theory at the bottom of a story it should surely be deducible from the behaviour of the people—not the behaviour from the theory. Still there are good things in the book. The farmer husband with his tall talk and his drinks is a real person and the passages describing his behaviour immediately after his *affaire* has been discovered are brilliant. V. S. PRITCHETT

A NAVAL DIEHARD

Britain in Danger. By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The heads of the Services are often, and sometimes rightly, criticised for conservative modes of thought, but seldom does anyone charge them with being intoxicated by the heady wine of new ideas. Such a one is Captain Acworth, who holds that the Board of Admiralty since the war have been deflected from a true policy by a craze for speed and a groundless fear of aerial attack; and that this deflection is vitiating the present huge expenditure on naval rearmament. Although Captain Acworth pursues his assault on the Admiralty in alternating periods of hysteria and rage, which do not add conviction to his case, this conclusion, if well founded, would be so important that his arguments must be crystallised out from the vials of his wrath and examined on their merits.

Captain Acworth summarises the "extravagances" to which the Admiralty are addicted as "excessive size, excessive speed and endurance, excessive dependence on foreign oil, excessive aerial equipment, excessive comfort and convenience." He wants smaller and slower ships, fired by coal (with auxiliary oil as a concession to high-speed cruising vessels); he would regard a ship as adequately protected against bombs if it is protected against shell-fire; and he protests against "coddling" the men. Here is the issue fairly joined.

Discussion is made easier because size, speed, endurance and fuel all hang together. There is no merit in size as such, nor in the use of a foreign fuel as such. The size of warships has increased, and oil has displaced coal as the fuel, because the Admiralty regard speed and endurance as prime requisites in fighting ships. Captain Acworth fully recognises that high speed and great endurance require the construction of big, oil-fired ships, so the question is narrowed to this: Are the Admiralty right or wrong in insisting so strongly on speed and endurance?

The value of speed to warships is that they can force an engagement on a reluctant enemy; they can pursue a fleeing enemy; they can retire when engagement is undesirable, not necessarily from cowardice (as Captain Acworth appears to assume) but in order to meet the enemy in more favourable circumstances; and they can give prompt assistance to merchantmen in distress. These characteristics are so important that the Admiralty can hardly be blamed for putting a high emphasis on speed. As for endurance, while this might not be of prime importance in European waters, the far-flung nature of the British Commonwealth demands that it be a prime characteristic in British fighting ships. Numerous bases exist, it is true, but they might not be available in war. It is easy to imagine a war in Far Eastern waters in which British ships would have to operate thousands of miles away from Singapore, the nearest available base.

Captain Acworth makes the just comment that when the size of a ship is given, being limited by treaty, there must be a choice between speed and endurance on the one hand and armament and armour on the other. If the ship is required to have only a moderate speed, guns and armour can be improved. This is the choice which he would make. He would allow the enemy to force an engagement by superior speed, and then trust to a British victory by superior armaments. Two answers can be given. The British superiority in speed has not, in fact—though Captain Acworth denies this—been achieved by any great sacrifice in armament. And an enemy boasting a speed superior to the British fleet might not think it worth while to force an engage-

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ment; his time might be more profitably spent in raids on British coast towns that could not be intercepted.

At this stage Captain Acworth would doubtless produce his trump card and say: "That's all very well, but high speed and great endurance depend on oil, and in time of war you might not be able to secure oil. A navy that cannot move is no use at all." The question of supply must certainly give naval minds much anxious thought, but two comforting facts may be noticed. In some possible theatres of war, British ships could obtain oil more easily than coal; in the Far East, for example, the Dutch East Indies are potential suppliers of oil. Secondly, all countries with whom we might conceivably be at war are in the same position as ourselves with respect to petroleum supplies, and any disadvantage caused by United States neutrality legislation will apply to others no less than to ourselves. As for the rest of the argument, most persons who have studied this question are of opinion that the remedy is not to return to coal-firing, but to ensure that oil supplies *shall* be available—by the fostering of a native coal-oil industry, the development of other indigenous resources, the storage of at least six months' supply, and, above all, by retaining the fullest command of the sea.

Captain Acworth, it may be noted, declares to some extent for dual-firing in warships, i.e., such ships would normally cruise on coal, turning over to oil when full power is required. This is really a grudging recognition of the superiority of oil, and anyone who admits the desirability of switching over to oil in an emergency will be forced in the long run to concede that oil is essential to the Navy and must be obtained at all costs. Dual-firing was, in fact, tried in the British Navy before the war, during the change from coal, and abandoned for good reason.

Another of Captain Acworth's charges is that the Admiralty have given too much attention to anti-aircraft defence. He supports it by examples, such as the *Averoff* and *Deutschland*, to show the failure of attempts to bomb warships. It is doubtless true that the aerial scare has been exaggerated. Two simple theoretical considerations will show how limited is the power of the aeroplane. The probability of making a hit diminishes rapidly with its height; and if the machine dives low, the striking velocity and penetrating power of the bomb is greatly diminished. Nevertheless, it can hardly be denied that the aeroplane has introduced a new factor into naval defence; and the Admiralty could hardly do less than they have done without drawing the fire of much more serious critics than Captain Acworth. It is on a par with Captain Acworth's belief about aeroplanes that he holds the torpedo "absurdly limited in its capacity to get home, and thus to achieve concrete results." He should tell that to the marines.

Captain Acworth's protest against the slight improvement made in the men's quarters is so negligible that I do not propose to discuss it. To his criticisms of the Admiralty he adds "constructive" proposals for future building, together with sketches. One of his proposals is for a battleship of 11,980 tons, coal-fired, developing 17.5 knots and carrying six 13.5in. guns; another is for a 6,000-ton cruiser, dual-fired, carrying six 8in. guns and having a speed of 23½ knots. It seems fairly obvious that if such ships had the ill-fortune to fall in with battleships and cruisers such as we possess to-day they would go to the bottom in a very short time.

Captain Acworth is a worthy seaman, convinced that "Sea Power is still, under Providence, the basis of our greatness." It would be pleasant to agree with so gallant a gentleman; and doubtless he will find plenty of reviewers, anxious to avoid trouble and impressed by frequent references to "the best engineering opinion," who will tell the public that this is a "frankly disturbing book," with whose arguments we "may not agree," but which, nevertheless, "deserves to be taken to heart by all serious students of naval matters." I cannot shirk the issue in this accommodating way. Captain Acworth's book is a conspicuous example of naval atavism. By exactly the same means, and with equal conviction, it would be possible to make out a case for the sailing ship (provided she has auxiliary oil). A navy built as he would desire would have no chance in battle. Though there may be just room for criticism of the Admiralty, the fair reader will be forced to say, after completing Captain Acworth's tirade, *Non tali auxilio*.

IVOR THOMAS

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My Life in the Russian Theatre. By VLADIMIR NEMIROVITCH-DANTCHENKO. Translated by JOHN CURNOS. *Bles*. 18s.

There is a great deal in a name. Had Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko followed the example of his collaborator in the foundation of the Moscow Art Theatre, Constantin Sergeivitch Alexeiev, and assumed a name as easy to memorise as Stanislavsky, it is very likely that he would be as closely associated in our minds with that illustrious institution, now, in its fortieth year, the pattern theatre of the Soviet Union. However that may be, there is no doubt that in this country Stanislavsky is much more famous than Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. (Mr. Oliver Sayler, the writer of the foreword to his memoirs, abbreviates the name to "Nemirovitch," but I prefer "Dantchenko.") I am fairly certain that if ten people were asked who founded the Moscow Art Theatre, and subsequently became its artistic dictator, nine would reply confidently: "Stanislavsky." Stanislavsky himself is partly to blame for the general ignorance that he had a collaborator on a footing of complete equality. In his autobiography, *My Life in Art*, the English translation of which was published about thirteen years ago, he gives the impression that after the foundations of the new Art Theatre were laid, during that famous discussion, which lasted eighteen hours, at a Moscow restaurant in the year 1897, it was built up by him, with Dantchenko as a loyal and capable assistant. Dantchenko's memoirs, although written in a singularly modest vein, make quite clear that he was far more than that. They prove the truth of Mr. Sayler's statement that Dantchenko "rivalled his great associate as a creative artist, surpassing him in literary vision and understanding." It was Dantchenko, not Stanislavsky, who first recognised a great dramatist in Tchehov, and lured him back to the theatre, which he had abandoned in disgust after the failure of *The Seagull* in St. Petersburg. As without the stimulus of Tchehov's subtle method as a dramatist, it is unlikely that the Art Theatre would have developed the subtle method of interpretation which made it famous, the service Dantchenko rendered it in inducing Tchehov to go on writing for the stage, much against his will—"Never will I write these plays or try to produce them, not if I live to be 700 years old"—was of vital importance. "Recollections of

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Tchehov meet in me, like cross-roads "—Dantchenko writes on the second page of this book—" with recollections of those paths which led to the birth of the Moscow Art Theatre—the Theatre of Tchehov." Indispensable to this theatre the man who could penetrate into the innermost depths of Tchehov's plays. His services did not end here, however. Besides shouldering the burden of administration, keeping the theatre open in spite of financial difficulties, he shared the duties of stage-director with Stanislavsky. It was agreed between them that if any difference of opinion arose between them during rehearsals, he, an author, should have the last word in the region of content, and Stanislavsky, an actor, in the region of form. Both men, it should be added, had had experience as stage-directors before they began to work together. This was perhaps the reason why they often fell out over " form." The " form " Stanislavsky gave Tchehov's plays did not satisfy Dantchenko. There was not in it any of the aroma of the content. His objection to its exaggerated naturalism was shared by Tchehov, who, after hearing the persistent chirp of the cricket behind the stove in *Uncle Vanya*, said : " In my next play, I shall make this stipulation : ' The action takes place in a land which has neither mosquitoes, nor crickets, nor any other insects which hinder conversation between human beings.' " As time went on, Stanislavsky learned that an atmosphere of reality can be created without all this realistic fiddle-faddle, and he learned this from Dantchenko.

Dantchenko's description of the state of the Russian theatre at the end of the nineteenth century explains and justifies the revolutionary Moscow enterprise. " I knew very many intelligent people who loved literature and music, but never wanted to go to the theatre. They found everything false there." Dantchenko and Stanislavsky, believing that, as Tchehov put it in a letter to the actress, Olga Knipper, " there are no conditions of any kind which permit falsehood," resolved to create a theatre in which intelligent people would find everything true. They laboured incessantly to find a solution of the actor's most difficult problem—how to convey truth effectively without exaggeration or distortion. It was all very well for Tchehov to say of the Art Theatre actors : " They act too much. It would be better if they acted a little more as in life." But to produce the impression, so strongly that it does not escape anyone in the audience, that this is acting " as in life," requires great technical mastery of the actor's art. There is no art more difficult to analyse, and consequently to teach. We can gather an idea of Dantchenko's conception of it from the following passage concerning the profound difference between the actors of his theatre and the actors of the old theatre :

> The actor of the old theatre acts either *emotion*—love, jealousy, hatred, joy, etc., or *words*, underlining them, showing each significant one ; or a *situation*, laughable or dramatic ; or a *mood*. . . In a word, inevitably during every instant of his presence on the stage, he is *acting* something, representing something. Our demands on the actor are that he should not act anything : decidedly not a *thing*, neither feelings, nor moods, nor situations, nor words, nor styles, nor images. All this should come of itself from the individuality of the actor, individuality, liberated from stereotyped forms, prompted by his entire nervous organisation. . . . For us the individuality of the actor is the immense region of his imagination, his heredity, all that might manifest itself beyond his consciousness in a moment of aberration. . . . There is yet another very important requirement—in such a degree to incarnate oneself into a rôle that the words of the author become for the actor his own words.

The importance of the second requirement has been realised outside the Moscow Art Theatre, and can hardly be reckoned a new discovery. Dantchenko, like Stanislavsky, has a tendency to exaggerate the novelty of what it demanded of actors. There was certainly one actress in the " old theatre " in England who was fully conscious of the necessity for studying a part until the words " seem to be supplied by oneself." Ellen Terry in some notes on the art of acting, which are quoted in my preface to her *Lectures on Shakespeare*, writes :

> To act, you must make the thing written your own. You must steal the words, steal the thought and *convey* the stolen treasure to others with great art.

Although actors, dramatists, and perhaps a few dramatic critics and theatre-managers may find these memoirs particularly interesting on account of the many pages devoted to the explanation of what an art theatre is, and how in this one plays were prepared for performance, the reader who is not a theatre specialist may enjoy more Dantchenko's brilliant studies of Tchehov, Gorky, Tolstoy, and other renowned people. The study of Tchehov is enriched by many letters of his to Dantchenko and Olga Knipper, who became his wife. I must warn all who are attracted to read the book that the translation is a snag. Probably my quotations from the text have already conveyed the warning, shown how awkward and obscure Mr. Cournos's English is. I often had to do a lot of hard thinking to arrive at Dantchenko's precise meaning. And I distrusted the accuracy of the translation when I read of a priest refusing to *serve* Mass for the actress Komisarjevskaya, and of the *bright* and captivating actors of the old Russian theatre.

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Gustav Mahler. By BRUNO WALTER. Translated by JAMES GALSTON. *Kegan Paul*. 6*s*.

Herr Walter has been known for years as the vigorous champion and ideal interpreter of the music of Gustav Mahler ; and when a year ago he gathered his impressions of the composer into a slim volume it was no surprise that it should have proved the most illuminating essay yet written on that puzzling and fascinating figure. Its publication in English coincides with the issue of a fine set of gramophone records of Mahler's masterpiece, *Das Lied von der Erde*, conducted by Herr Walter ; and any English music-lover who wishes to take his bearings in an unfamiliar world cannot do better than start with these records and this book. Only, if he reads German he is recommended to obtain the original, which is admirably written ; the English translation, generally clumsy and full of un-English words like " thematics " and " problematics," at times seriously obscures Herr Walter's meaning ; partly because the translator is clearly no musician, and partly owing to his blind reliance on the dictionary or mere carelessness—as when (p. 122) he renders *unmetaphysisch* as " metaphysical."

Walter knew Mahler for seventeen years, and worked under him both at Hamburg and during part of the famous ten years (1897–1907) during which his artistic thoroughness and blazing energy raised the Vienna Opera to an unexampled pitch of

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efficiency. After all these years the younger man still "finds it difficult to speak of that epoch in the subdued accents of recollection." In view of the tremendous emphasis now laid upon extreme precision it is interesting to read that, while he was most exacting in rehearsal, Mahler's performances produced something of the effect of spontaneous improvisation, so freely was the soul "permitted to spread its wings upon this secure foundation." "I cannot recall," says Walter, "that his exactitude was ever particularly mentioned either by his hearers or by the critics." He was universally admitted to be one of the greatest of conductors; yet he was never quite happy in the exercise of his interpretative faculties, for he felt within him a creative musical power hardly less tremendous. Only in his summer holidays was he able to devote himself to composition; and the double life, lived at an abnormal pitch of concentration and emotional intensity, wore him out while he was still in his fifties; he died in 1911 of a disease of the heart.

Of Mahler's fiery and tragic personality Walter gives an unforgettable picture; he is perhaps less successful when he comes to discuss his works—and this for two reasons. First, his adoration is so extreme that he can see no serious flaw in his hero's creations from beginning to end. Secondly, he is unwilling to speak of music in terms of music itself, confining himself to the portrayal of the spiritual forces that shaped its development. It is true that "professional analyses" already exist (though not, I think, in English); and that Mahler's music, the most subjective and personal ever written, demands of us just that understanding of and sympathy with the composer's spiritual problems which Herr Walter is best able to arouse. But inevitably we begin to long for something solid; for a musical quotation or two; for crotchets and quavers in place of "nature" and "the soul." Herr Walter never attempts to answer the many critics who still find Mahler's music, for all its incidental charms, unsatisfying in structure and to some extent in thematic invention.

"Strange!" the composer wrote, towards the end of his life, "When I hear music—even while I conduct—I can hear quite definite answers to all my questions and feel entirely clear and sure." A clue lurks in this avowal: apparently the music which "answered all his questions" was not his own. A Beethoven or a Wagner would have said: "When I compose . . ." Perhaps no instinctively creative musician could have been so capable of demoniacal possession by the music of others, of all schools, as Mahler was. But overflowing sympathy was in all things characteristic of the man. He could not read Cervantes without bursting into laughter and wanting to read it to everyone else. So, when we listen to his music, we are always conscious of the composer plucking at our sleeve: "See! the lake! the moon! is it not beautiful? is it not sad?" The directions in his scores are a mass of exclamation-marks. This urgent, unbalanced personality repels many; but those whom it attracts listen and are often deeply moved: it *is* beautiful; it *is* sad; in spite of the pointers. Even the converted, however, are impelled frequently to turn away from Mahler's imploring gaze to the composers who never implore and never pluck at our sleeve; to Mozart, say, or Verdi.

This moving little book is bound to intensify our feeling that in *Das Lied von der Erde* Mahler was saying a last farewell to the pagan beauty of the world he must shortly leave. The passage in the middle of the fifth song where the drunkard awakes to hear a bird announce the advent of spring is exquisitely touching; its aching sorrow is the sorrow of a man who knows that he has only one or two more springs to live. And yet—how far is our emotion due to the knowledge of a pathetic fact external to the music, how far to something inherent in the notes themselves, in the very curve and dip of that phrase for the solo violin? It is hard to be certain. A whole generation overvalued Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "If I should die," because they knew that he was a brave young man who did in fact die. It is difficult, and perhaps not altogether desirable, to keep too severe an eye on our sympathies. Certainly those who pride themselves above all on the detachment and clarity of their vision will see little to admire in Mahler; even in those composers whom they most admire they may not see everything. "Music," says Herr Walter, "is by no means a daylight art, and its background and its last depths are not disclosed to the man of bright soul."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

New Fashions

A matter of controversy has somewhat overlaid consideration of valuable pieces of work in *New Fashions in Wage Theory*, by Jürgen Kuczynski (3*s*. 6*d*.). The controversy *is* very important. It is: What is our attitude to Keynes? What is the logical conclusion of Keynes' theories? In view of the predominant influence exercised by Keynes in counsels of the movement (we think this evaluation is just) the argument advanced by Kuczynski that Keynes' theories have *fascist* tendencies and conclusions cannot be neglected. John Strachey praises this aspect of Kuczynski's work. The book, he says, "will increase the reputation which he has already won as a Marxist economist by his larger volume *Labour Conditions in Western Europe*" (4*s*. 6*d*.).

Other passages in the book, however, cover work in an original field, especially on the Marxist theory of increasing misery. Calculations, for instance, of real wages per fully employed worker in British controlled textile industries *in India as well as in Britain* show a decline from 104, 1880-1889, to 96 in 1920-1929. He has papers dealing also with intensity of work versus safety measures, "Productivity and Unproductivity in the U.S.A.," "Death and Unemployment" and a return to that topical question dealt with in his earlier work on "The Cost of Living."

If you are a member of the Left Book Club you can obtain these books in special editions at 3*s*. (Labour Conditions) and 2*s*. 4*d*. (New Fashions).

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GREET YOUR GAS MASKS WITH A CHEER

Air Defence and the Civil Population. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE and G. R. FALKINER NUTTALL. *Cresset Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Winged Warfare. By SQUADRON-LEADER E. J. KINGSTON-MCCLOUGHRY. *Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The first of these is a very industrious, public-spirited, flat, informative and tiresome book whose object is avowedly to wake up the public to co-operation in the official plans for saving their lives in air raids. One may be fast asleep and comfortable; one may be uncomfortably wide awake and quite unwilling to co-operate; but everyone, I think, should read as much of this book as he can stomach, for it really instructs, though not perhaps in the spirit of its intention. Truly the way of the official who dislikes to shout and may not crack his whip is hard in this matter. On one side of him there is an immense mass of citizens who are not yet of the brave new world dawning over Abyssinia, Spain and Shanghai. They have their callosities against the monotonous assaults of the morning paper. "London is not Madrid and never will be," is their motto; gas masks are ridiculous objects, to drill in them is rather silly. This notion of silliness comes from another side too, and from very different people. They are the ones who have taken the soberly imaginative journey from the things that are to the things that are to come, their conclusion being that a government which is not prepared to launch (a more exact word would be burrow) into a colossal programme of public works has not the slenderest chance of protecting its city populations; and that anything which is offered short of this must, along with its motive, be viewed with suspicion. This may be unfair. But such people, though few, are apt to be vocal, and to support their opinion by awkward action. They may even prove by careful measurement that the guarantee behind an official precautionary article is worthless—to which the most effective answer is the cry of alarmist.

It follows that the no-man's-land between complacency and panic is hard going for the propagandist of air raid precautions, unless he be a totalitarian who, having made the world into which he leads his people, can exhort them by methods all his own to greet their gas-masks with a cheer. This does not dismay the

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authors of this book, who indeed feel sadly but strongly that Germans, Italians and Russians are in a much better position to look an air raid in the face than we are. Their superior position is not very clearly indicated, but we are at least told that in some German towns all the rubbish has been cleared from the attics and many basements have been reinforced with concrete. Such facts are a call to action, and these authors occupy their chosen territory with a will. They admonish the alarmists, prod the complacent by pointing the duty of turning out for boat drill in the good old ship of state, and provide masses of varied and detailed information. Mr. Wells is brought to book for taking liberties with the destructive power of mustard gas, and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane is enlisted to tell how one air raid enthusiast, displacing a decimal point, made one aeroplane do the poisonous work of a thousand, and also to express the probability that no new gases capable of penetrating respirators will be discovered. As for information, it ranges from the structure of Air Ministry hierarchies to the structure of washhouses for decontamination. If you would begin at the beginning you can study the distribution of European air power by a statistical method which seems as sensible as estimating a man's wealth by counting his coins irrespective of denomination; or you can learn in what circumstances international lawyers will allow bombs to be dropped. Bombs and poison gases are neatly classified, the organisation of warning, fire fighting, first aid, rescue, hospital and decontamination work is neatly set out in remote handbook style. If you have a basement and enough money, this book tells you how to protect yourself from a whole range of bombs, and if you lack a basement it tells you what kind of hole to dig in your garden. If, on the other hand, a long view pleases you, you will learn with satisfaction that a certain plan for building a hundred new towns in which men may live more spaciously also ensures that they will die in minimum quantities under an air raid.

The authors pay enthusiastic attention to the activities of the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office, whose plans are conveyed in generous summaries from its various pamphlets. The function of this department is to control, advise and co-ordinate; to accumulate material and train instructors; leaving the local authorities to do the rest. It is nowhere mentioned that these plans have in some areas been hung up for months behind a dispute as to the apportionment of cost between the local and central authorities. Coming to the details of precautions, it is clear that the Department's first line of defence is its gas-proof room: the Cambridge Anti-War Group are welcomed to the threshold of this matter and then courteously dismissed. The second line of defence is the official gas-mask, which is admittedly not as good as it might be, but is guaranteed suitable for all but the very young, the old, and the diseased. The public is cordially invited to learn all about this and to try it on; after dress rehearsal it will be safely stored and issued at some unspecified moment before or after the rise of the curtain. A complete suit of protective clothing is recommended, but will not be issued.

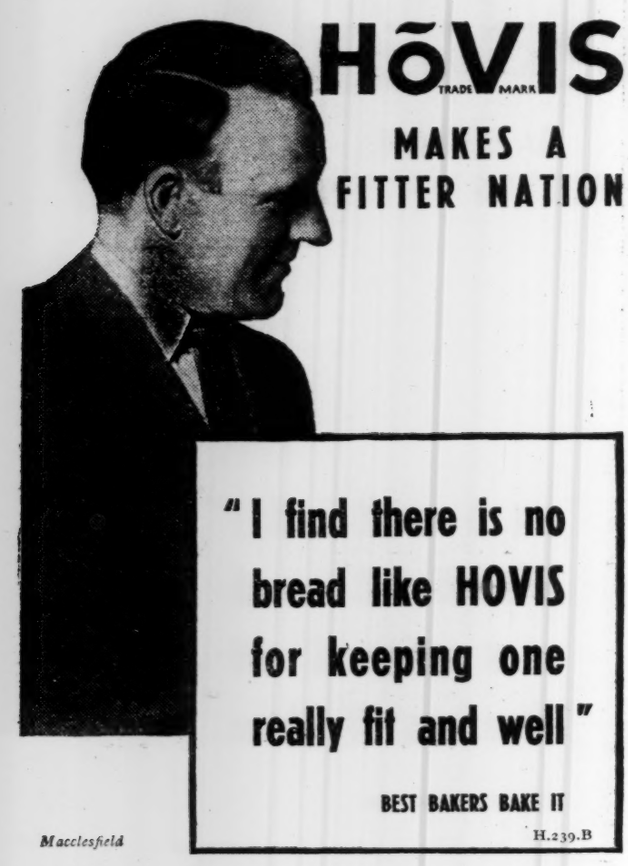
The authors, while blessing these plans and urging their dissemination through broadcasting, the cinema, and voluntary organisations, have one or two doubts and queries. They would very much like to know exactly when the gas-masks are to be issued. They are also impressed by the awkward fact that some millions of the poor, the very people who will be in most danger, have no room to spare for gas-proofing. Plans are said to be afoot for evacuating the London slums and billeting their occupants in the Home Counties. The authors admit a thirst for a departmental pamphlet on this matter. It seems a reasonable request.

The second of these books deals not with protection from violent death, but with its scientific organisation. It is a collection of essays discussing the hay which air power has made of the old axioms of military strategy, and its bearing on Imperial and local defence. I was interested not so much in the author's arguments as in the premises on which they rest. There is, for instance, a long analysis of what we must do to repair our loss of dominance in the Mediterranean, which contains this passage:

> The air threat in the Mediterranean has increased the relative importance of successful diplomacy, for an attack could be so sudden and devastating that the goodwill of other nations towards us seriously matters; faulty policy and clumsy diplomacy might cause untold harm. The situation is the more serious because concerts of Powers are to-day more evanescent than ever before. The importance of a friendly France and Italy has been stressed. If the friendship or active support of both France and Italy cannot be secured, there is more need than ever for our statesmen to make certain of holding the balance of European power. As for the lesser Powers, air power has increased the importance of a friendly Spain and Portugal flanking the vulnerable base of Gibraltar and possessing alternative sites for naval and air bases. . . . Our diplomacy must be guided accordingly. An effective League of Nations may yet become the surest guarantee to peace, and to British interests.

After struggling in vain to make sense of the last sentence in relation to what precedes it, I gave it up. A reviewer must at least understand the language in which a book is written.

BARRINGTON GATES



A NEW THEOPHANY

Presbyterian Pirate: a Portrait of Stevenson. By DORIS N. DALGLISH. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In her first chapter Miss Dalglish provides two prima facie reasons for this book. She wanted to write about some Scottish literary figure; and the fact that 1950 will bring Stevenson's centenary seems to have supplied her with a ground for publishing in anticipation an estimate of his achievement. But it is quite clear that she would anyway have written about Stevenson sooner or later. She worships him. There is something ecstatic in her approach to him; some excess of enthusiasm, as in the feelings of a schoolgirl towards a mistress for whom she has a "pash." She read *Weir of Hermiston*, and "I had experienced a supreme aesthetic emotion, I had received what art and love alone can give, and I was enriched for ever," . . . "Even in the following year, when I was able to be photographed on the doorstep of 17 Heriot Row (once Stevenson's home), *fortunately then empty*, I do not think I can have achieved a purer happiness." Inevitably this intensely personal approach has somewhat unbalanced her critical judgment. Not only does she condemn with a kind of fierce possessiveness those authors with whom she contrasts her idol ("Meredith . . . wrote nothing except 'Love in the Valley' worthy of the admiration Stevenson lavished on him"), but she defends with the same kind of proprietary viciousness those of his works which she has set on a pedestal against those which have failed to attract her ("that boring book, *Treasure Island*"; "the repulsive *Jekyll and Hyde*"; "*Prince Otto* and *Treasure Island* and

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The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, October 21st. **"SCIENCE AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS."**
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   Lecturer: BERTRAND RUSSELL.
2. Thursday, October 28th. **"THE WAR HORIZON."**
   Chairman: ALDN. A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.
   Lecturer: VERNON BARTLETT.
3. Thursday, November 4th. **"THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF WAR PREPARATION."**
   Chairman: PROFESSOR A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS.
   Lecturer: G. D. H. COLE.
4. Thursday, November 11th. **"THE POLITICAL REACTIONS OF REARMAMENT."**
   Chairman: KINGSLEY MARTIN.
   Lecturer: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.
5. Thursday, November 18th. **"SOCIALISM TO-DAY."**
   Chairman: ALDN. MRS. M. A. HAMILTON, L.C.C.
   Lecturer: RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.
6. Thursday, November 25th. **"THE OUTLOOK FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES."**
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT SANKEY.
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 14th, 1937, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

A Child's Garden are so much waste of Stevenson's time"). This curiously emotional approach lamentably vitiates her criticism. She seems to find a writer peculiarly wanting, unless she can passionately identify herself with the self which he expresses in his writing; so that when, for example, she visits a writer's old haunts she experiences his presence almost as though he were there in flesh and blood. Thus Arnold is condemned because "this sense of intimacy . . . never, or very slowly, comes to me when I read his poems," "nor do I feel much more successful over Morris, for I have sat in the garden of his boyhood's home and have been unconscious of him."

No doubt there are many who conduct their reading in the same overwrought way; but it is a pity that this idolisation should have defaced Miss Dalglish's book. For there is much in it that is sound. If *Kidnapped*, *Catriona* and *The Master of Ballantrae*, for example, hardly deserve the blackball which they receive, nevertheless the writer is on safe ground in exalting *Weir* above the rest of his work. Though whether it is, as she claims, the best Scottish novel certainly admits of debate. And her study has many of the qualities of its defects. For the intuitive, self-identificatory mode of criticism does occasionally enable the critic to expound convincingly the ways in which his subject's mind worked (Middleton Murry's *Keats and Shakespeare* is a case in point), and Miss Dalglish is at her best in analysing the processes of Stevenson's thought, and cataloguing the various influences which may be presumed to have affected him. Among these she ranks highly the Calvinism of his upbringing, the envious backward glances which he continually cast at his engineering ancestors, his aspirations for a command of literary technique, his hectic obsession with adventure which was a kind of compensation for his physical disabilities (and which once prompted him to the exquisitely maladroit proposal that Henry James should attempt to write a *Tom Jones*), and above all, the various specifically Scottish characteristics which were his by heritage. Had Miss Dalglish compressed her material into about half the space, and cut out most of the opinions she expresses on topics and authors hardly relevant to her main theme, this book might have taken rank as a first-class interpretation of Stevenson.

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SHORTER NOTICES

For Your Convenience. By PAUL PRY. *Routledge.* 3s. 6d.

This essay, in the form of a dialogue between an older and a younger clubman, meets a long, often urgently, felt want: it is a guide to the men's public conveniences of London—the "Gents'." The idea is good, the execution elegant; the information, unfortunately, incomplete and sometimes downright misleading. The mind recoils from the plight of the Pilsener-laden tourist who, hastening after Mr. Pry, seeks the place "in the little court at the end of Rathbone Place": vandals did away with it some years ago. The Mall is slandered: opposite Marlborough Gate an ivied and geranium-bowered erection (grey-marbled stalls by Finch) has escaped Mr. Pry. Kensington is less barren than he suggests. On page 19 he means Paddington Street not "Paradise" Street. Mr. Pry's young hero gained his special knowledge while travelling in tap-washers. He has a slightly snobbish prejudice in favour of the obvious, gaudily tiled luxurious resorts, dismissing as mere "bolt-holes" or "tents" the sequestered and more modest perforated, green tin "cottages"—as the charmingly rustic jargon of tap-washer travellers has it—which abound in South and parts of East London. An excursus on *graffiti* would have been welcome. The subject still lacks its encyclopædist; but Mr. Pry's little book is a step in the right direction—that the public conscience may be stirred to demand for London a, so to speak, more enlightened Relief Administration. The map is inadequate.

Hampshire. By JOHN RAYNER.
Buckingham. By JOHN NASH.
Northumberland and Durham. By THOMAS SHARP. *Batsford.* 2s. 6d. *each.*

Apart from Baedekers, there is no standard for guide books. The Shell Guides can hardly rival the fullness and finalness of Herr B., but they have added a kind of flibbertigibbet elegance which flies high above the materialistic utilitarian. Guide books are for inquisitive people—and the Shell Guides set out to satisfy current curiosities. But one of the main forms of curiosity in the counties is overlooked. Whose are those fine gates just beyond the cross roads? Who lived in the Palladian house I glimpsed half-way up the hill? Publicans never know ("I'm a stranger here myself") and yokels if asked are astonished and unintelligible at the same time. And the Shell Guides leave that out too. Deciding what to leave out is the great problem for the editors—Mr. Sharp has terribly overloaded his *Northumberland and Durham*. It was a bold gesture on Mr. John Nash's part to include an essay on monumental sculpture in English churches—but it is very successful. All three have lots of pretty photographs and scraps of information, but *Hampshire* is the only one to attain a unity. Mr. John Rayner has evolved a form which is perfect for someone who wants to read the guide book straight through. He gossips amiably from H to Y (inventing the words charabanqueter and architexpert on the way) and is entertaining all the time. Each of the three has too many dull pencil drawings by A. E. Newcombe.

The Human Comedy. By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON. *Lane.* 10s. 6d.

For those who have read *The Mind in The Making* this must be a disappointing book, particularly as we have looked forward to it for fifteen years. James Harvey Robinson is proved to be, philosophically, a one-book man; he had a flash of enthusiasm and vision in his earlier book, although its ideas were almost exclusively those of his masters—Wells, Wallas, Russell, Tawney, etc.; but in this his second book all these ideas, now so familiar to the intellectual class though still needing popular dissemination, are only repeated, laboriously and without the old excitement, though not with loss of faith. Parts of the middle chapters are in fact reproduced from the first book without disturbing the intellectual continuity, which shows how static Mr. Robinson's mind has remained. We are told again how evolution has changed our conceptions of man and psychology our conceptions of historical characters; the progress of science is recapitulated to show how our conceptions of the universe have changed; the political and mental changes required to adapt ourselves to the age of plenty are indicated, and so on and so on, all the ground that has been so well covered by H. G. Wells. In America a book of this kind from a leading writer may still be useful in forming the opinions of the intellectuals; but in England it is now expected rather from a second-rank writer of good intelligence who influences education and the best of public opinion. It is therefore a book which one hopes will sell, even while one admits one was bored by it.

Studies in the Theory of International Trade. By JACOB VINER. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

The last few years have seen a great increase in the volume of economic writings on the theory of international trade, and the path of the student has been made correspondingly easier. At the same time the use of judgment in selection has grown ever more important, and the value of any work which, in addition to its own original contribution to analysis, offers a comparative and critical guide to the theoretical

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developments of the past, has been correspondingly enhanced. Professor Viner's book falls within this category and deserves a welcome there. He begins with an admirable chapter on English Theories of Foreign Trade before Adam Smith, in which one is less surprised than delighted to find blooming recognisably those fine flowers of mercantilist fallacy which still flourish in our own Protectionist Press; he pursues his investigations through the bullionist debates of the Napoleonic Wars and after, and the currency and banking controversies of the nineteenth century, to reach an exhaustive study "centering" as he says, in his préface, "about some important propositions of the classical and neo-classical economists relating to the theory of the mechanism of international trade and the theory of gains from trade." The earlier chapters make easier reading than the later; but taking it all in all this is an advanced study addressed to the specialist, too theoretical for the general reader, too complex for the student in the early stages of training. Those qualified to tackle it will find its study rewarding.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE issue by Columbia of two records from *Die Götterdämmerung*, recorded at Covent Garden during the 1936 season, raises once more the old question of recording during public performances. From time to time the companies experiment in this field; but in spite of the considerable success of the Viennese recording of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (not sent out for review), I hope that the practice will not become popular. Bulletins speak of "realism," "atmosphere," "stereoscopic quality," and so on; naturally they do not mention the drawbacks, some of which are of a sort which cannot yield to any mechanical skill. The *Götterdämmerung* records contain the whole of the scene in the second act in which Hagen summons the Vassals to welcome Gunther, including the latter's arrival and brief speech of acknowledgement (a scene whose sombre and primitive power can hardly make its full effect apart from the stage picture); and, on the last side, "Hagen's Watch" from Act I. Ludwig Weber is the Hagen and Herbert Janssen the Gunther—ideal exponents of the rôles—and Sir Thomas Beecham conducts. The male chorus is superbly reproduced, and the whole thing sensational and admirable—up to a point. At a first hearing we cry "Magnificent!"; but what of the fourth hearing? By then we are fully conscious of the vagueness of much of the orchestral detail, and still more of the inaccuracy and sketchiness of the performance itself. How rough and ready, after all, are those evenings at Covent Garden which we salute as fine! Weber treating semibreves as crotchets, crotchets as semibreves, now forging ahead of the orchestra, now lagging behind; and Janssen (whose voice rings out magnificently) quite a semitone sharp in the fourth bar of his solo. We gramophonists are not used to this sort of thing; we demand a higher standard of fidelity to the score, and, if we must, are willing to sacrifice a little realism to get it. At least, that is my feeling. Nevertheless, these are exciting records of great music which bring home to us how far the recording of Wagner has recently lagged behind that of other composers. Is it not absurd that there should be no comprehensive and worthy set of that beloved masterpiece, *Die Meistersinger?*

Of Mozart at any rate there has, in the past year or two, been no neglect. Two major works of his have just been re-recorded: the *Clarinet Quintet* (K. 581) by Simeon Bellison and the Roth String Quartet on four Columbia records, and the *Prague Symphony* (K. 504) by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic on three H.M.V.'s. It is delightful to be able to say that both performance and recording of the Quintet are as near flawless as can be imagined, for than this work there is nothing more sensuously lovely in the whole of music. Mozart seems here to have been inspired, to an extraordinary degree, by the medium itself: the clarinet's honeyed voice winding and dipping and soaring through the sweet entanglements of the strings. Mr. Bellison, the first clarinet of the New York Philharmonic, phrases the liquid melodies, scales and arpeggios with the most delicate and delicious art. These records are a pure joy. Having, unlike some people, considerable admiration for Bruno Walter as a Mozart conductor, I was disappointed to find his sensitive handling of the *Prague* partly marred by excessive reverberation. Also, the oboes, which are for some reason faint throughout, vanish altogether at one important point in the last movement. Nevertheless this is the best set available of this work. The same orchestra and conductor also give us, on a single ten-inch H.M.V., Mozart's *German Dances* (K. 605), and we get the same echo too, but it does not matter in this simpler music, and even adds to the charm of the well-known "sleigh-ride." What heavenly trifles Mozart turned out by the dozen for the ballrooms of Vienna! One hopes that the young things of the period at least murmured to one another "Topping band!"

There are three Beethoven album-sets, two containing early works and the third the *C sharp minor Quartet*, Op. 131, one of the peaks of music. It is played by the Busch Quartet on five H.M.V. records, and the performance as a whole is what one would expect from these fine, dignified artists. They excel in the long A major movement (theme and variations) and in the tempestuous and rugged finale. Their rhythm is perhaps not quite supple enough to capture the shy, wistful feeling of the 6/8 movement; but the Scherzo is very brilliant, and the great opening Fugue is treated with the devotion and serenity which it demands. A fine set, which I take to be the best available, though I have not had the time to compare it with the quite recent Columbia recording by the Lener Quartet. From these heights one returns unwillingly to the *Septet*, Op. 20; chatty, trivial and pleasant, and well played by a group of English artists on five H.M.V.'s. It is obviously desirable that a good record of this music should exist, but it is the last thing I should think of buying. Very much more valuable is the *First Piano Concerto*, Op. 15, played with brilliant but cool musicianship by Gieseking on four Columbias. The Berlin orchestra and the pianist are at odds once or twice in the first movement, but otherwise this set can be unreservedly praised, being superior to the Schnabel version both in fluency of style and in recording.

The shortage of good violin concertos drives the great virtuosi out into the by-ways of music to hob-nob with gypsies and the like: Kreisler brings back with him that rather disgraceful old scarecrow the Paganini concerto, but thinks it advisable to give us the first movement only, and to deck that out with a good deal of fresh harmony and orchestration. The result (two H.M.V.'s, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy) provides some formidable fiddling which cannot, however, redeem a patchy work, whose second subject contains a remarkable anticipation of the sentimental style of the Victorian ballad. The Sarasate *Zigeunerwiesen* is much more acceptable, and Heifetz revels in its almost superhuman difficulties (single H.M.V.). The most interesting concerto-substitute comes from Temianka who, on

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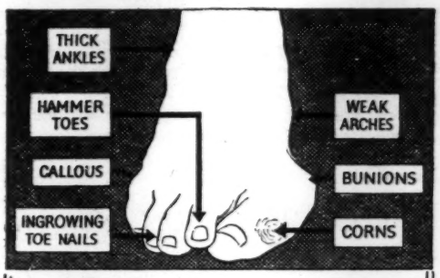

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three Parlophone sides, gives us a highly attractive Schubert *Rondo in A major* which appears to be a transcription for violin and string orchestra of a piece originally written for violin and string quartet. The music is mainly Mozartian, with every now and then a characteristically Schubertian twist or modulation. The fourth side is occupied by a delightful Sibelius *Humoresque*, also recorded for the first time, and both pieces are charmingly done.

The Philadelphia Orchestra (Stokowski) produce yet another *Prince Igor Dances*, purely orchestral this time, on two H.M.V.'s; the first side is especially alluring and haunting in this rich version. Here Stokowski is in his element; whereas the admirers of the César Franck *Symphony* generally claim that it speaks a spiritual tongue which is distorted and coarsened by the Philadelphian maestro. I fear I am no judge in this matter, for the work holds only a very slight interest for me, much of it (the second subject of the first movement, for instance) having a sort of oily vulgarity which at once demands, and repels, sympathy. The new recording (H.M.V., 5½ records) is splendid and opulent in tone, and—at least technically—I am sure it is the best available. But it was a relief to put on a gay little ten-inch Columbia containing Mottl's brilliant orchestral version of Chabrier's *Bourrée Fantasque*. How aptly the name Chabrier seems to suit the personality, exuberant yet dry and witty, of the master from whom not only Debussy and Ravel but Stravinsky learnt much. Dvořák's *Symphonic Variations*, Op. 78, though verging here and there on the trivial, and never so profoundly beautiful as the Brahms-Haydn set, is nevertheless a delightful piece of little known music, which Decca did well to record in a lively performance by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra: it is on five sides, the sixth occupied by some miscellaneous Handel.

Purely instrumental music is headed by a good, if not exactly bewitching, set of Chopin *Nocturnes* by Rubinstein. Six H.M.V. records give us the ten nocturnes which make up Op. 9, 15, 27 and 37; a second volume will complete the series. It must be confessed that these fragrant reveries lose half their charm on a gramophone, or indeed for that matter in the concert hall. They need the old-fashioned, candle-lit drawing room, the graceful pianist begowned in flowing silk, the little circle of listeners, the murmur of appreciation at the end. With applause, or the repointing of fibre needles, they have nothing to do. On a hot afternoon, with the hideous noises of demolition and construction pouring in at the open window, it is difficult not to take a severely Marxist view of this music; and yet how beautiful it has seemed, how beautiful it will one day seem again. Rubinstein's work in this album is always sensitive, but he surpasses himself in a single H.M.V. containing two Liszt pieces: the lovely *Consolation No. 3* which is used at the beginning of the ballet *Apparitions*, and the tenth *Hungarian Rhapsody*. Petri plays both books of the Brahms *Paganini Variations* on two Columbias with marvellous fire, subtlety and (except for Book I, Var. 4) accuracy. This is an outstanding set: the rival version, by Backhaus, is now six years old. Other good piano records are Gieseking (Col.) in Debussy's *Poissons d'Or* and Ravel's *Ondine*, and Eileen Joyce (Parlo.) in the Schumann *Novelette No. 2*. In Bach's *French Suite in E major*, Mme. Wanda Landowska is once again her miraculous self, head and shoulders above any other keyboard Bach player I know, whether harpsichordist or pianist (single H.M.V.).

There are a number of interesting vocal records which lack of space compels me to leave over until next month.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 393

Set by Raymond Postgate

In Dieppe Maritime Station there used to be a notice which in proud English stated HERE IS THE BUREAU OF PERFECTLY GRATUITOUS INFORMATION, and a restaurant in Moscow south of the Novomoskovsky Hotel till recently alarmed English tourists by offering TEAS, COFFEES AND BEARS.

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the most remarkable notices in English posted in foreign countries or by foreigners; place, and time of discovery if possible, should be given as evidence of authenticity.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 1st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 391

Set by Philip Jordan

Peers have mottoes; why shouldn't their newspapers, or anyone else's, for that matter?

We offer our usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the most suitable mottoes for any three of the following journals: *The Times, The Daily Herald, The New Statesman and Nation, News Chronicle, The Daily Express, The Daily Mail, The Manchester Guardian, Time, The New Yorker, Nichi Nichi Shimbun, Pravda, Echo de Paris, Voelkischer Beobachter, Popolo d'Italia.*

Report by Philip Jordan

If it wouldn't irritate the man who has to sign the cheques I would ask him to divide the second prize into approximately 115 equal parts and distribute whatever the amounts would come to among the approximately 115 people who had one good idea and no more. But it would irritate him; so I propose to play unfair and give the second prize to a man who doesn't deserve it because he sent in more than three. And if you send in twelve you're almost bound to have three good ones, or you shouldn't go in for competitions.

The *Daily Express* was the most popular of all the newspapers, even if no one had a good word for it. Why, I can't imagine. Here are a few of them.

Arnold Hyde was the most bitter; and I don't imagine we shall see his suggestion engraved in the black glass walls of that journal's headquarters. "What Can't Think, Can't Lie," he says.

What Kenneth Hopkins has to say about the same paper, I like. ". . . . more deadly than the *Mail*." It isn't true, but still.

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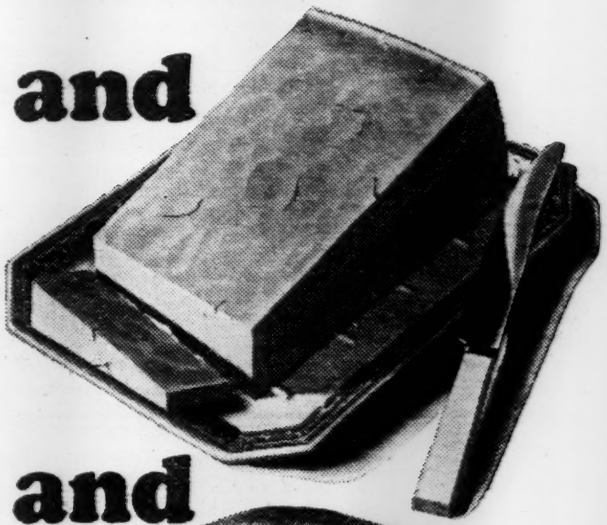


and

232

is best

Here are three more about the *Daily Express*, and it is not for me to speak of the justice or otherwise of the comment.

E. Bedwell says: "Alone we stand: united we fall."

Cecil Serrain says: "None for all."

L. P. Barchard says: "The Lie of the Land."

Wilfred Tyldesley says: "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Most people know that the redoubtable Mrs. Christiansen, who runs Lord Beaverbrook's eaglets, is the youngest editor in Fleet Street, but "a little child," in any sense of the word, no.

Two *Popolo d'Italia* mottoes gave me a lot of fun.

E.V.Q. suggests merely "H.M.V." and M. Eyden, "We Needs Must Love the Highest."

For the *Daily Mail* nothing but loathing.

Phil says: "While I breathe I dope." Bernard Sankey butters no parsnips, or whatever the phrase is with "Always True to Tripe."

As for the *Times*. It came in for a lot.

Harold Morison writes: "For Strictly Prejudiced Impartiality."

Gretchen Green: "Autre Temps: same old Moeurs." And I particularly said: no foreign languages.

Catkin: "Follow my Leader."

And nobody dotes on the *Herald*.

Cecil Serrain sums up the general feeling with "United we'll Fall."

Pravda got two mentions only. "Modin" was the best with "Full Marx."

I don't know if anyone was trying to wheedle me by being nice about the *News Chronicle*, but honesty compels me to state that all those who mentioned it were the soul of courtesy, even if not very bright.

Here are a few more selected at random:

J. Conn: *Manchester Guardian*. "Great Scott!"

Alan Thomas: *Time*. "A dependable watch keeps Time: Time keeps a dependable watch."

Guy Innes: *Time*. "Everybody Marks It."

"Polly Glot": *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*. "Opposition is the surest sign of insincerity."

N. Tyfield: *New Yorker*. "We pack a genuine Punch."

In my time I've had a lot of fun out of setting these competitions, but never so much as out of this one. Thank you all.

And now for the prizes.

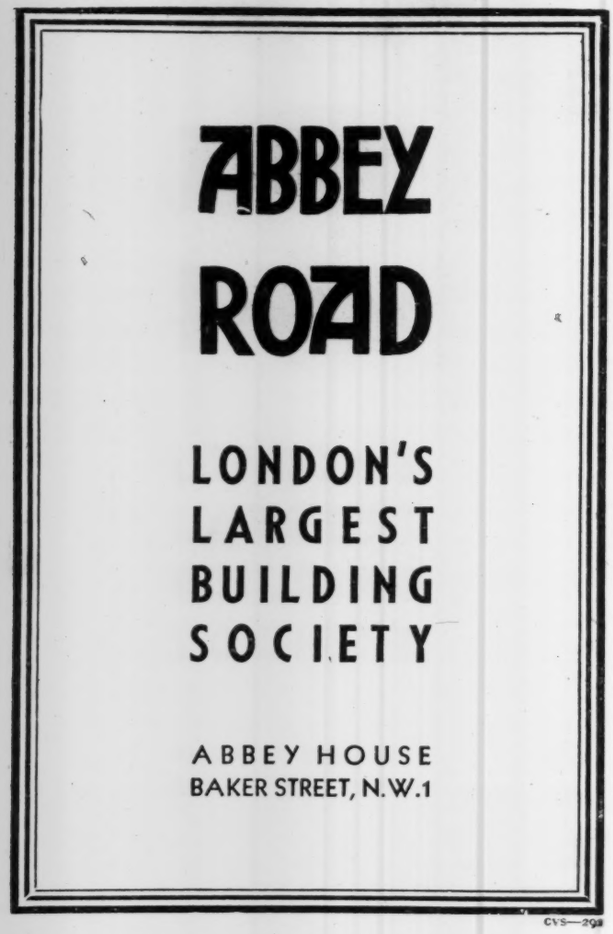
First to "Little Billee" and second to M. Bennett.

FIRST PRIZE

The *Times*: "Thunder and Enlightening."

Time: "Time *will* tell."

Volkischer Beobachter: "Heil!—or farewell!" LITTLE BILLEE



SECOND PRIZE

The following are my attempts:

Daily Express: "I swerve."

Volkischer Beobachter: "Evil be to him who thinks."

Daily Mail: "God is on the Right." M. BENNETT

P.S.—I forgot to say: To all those scores who said THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S motto ought to be "All Y.Y. and Kingsley Martin," immediate disqualification.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 247.—PIECRUST'S v. NOUGAT'S

My nephew, young Tuckmore, writes:

"I've been looking at some of your football puzzles, so I thought you might be interested in this one. Each of our houses at Marlchester plays each of the others at soccer. Last season every match had a different result. Every house scored the same number of points (2 points for a win and 1 point for a draw) and also the same number of goals. The total number of goals scored was twice the number of matches. The best result in any match was obtained by our house (Gherkin's) against Piecrust's, though that same afternoon as many goals were scored against Nougat's as we scored against Piecrust's. So now perhaps you'll be able to work out the result of the match between Piecrust's house and Nougat's."

Can you solve Tuckmore's problem?

PROBLEM 245.—THE SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

Greenchalk will be sure of a prize if he scores 125 points.

This problem, which many will have found difficult, has actually a very simple solution. This is how K. Beaumont puts it:

Assuming the poorer players score the minimum points between them, the maximum points divided amongst the first 6 competitors will be 750. If Greenchalk scores 125 he is sure of being at least an equal prize-winner, but if he scores only 124 it is possible there may be a score of 126 and four 125's. Greenchalk then must score 125.

PROBLEM 244.—THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

Solution by F. B. Swift

Bolonia can spend the 12 million eagles in 15 different ways all assumed to be equally likely, and the sum of the ships built in each of these possible ways gives the probabilities that any enemy ship is a Battleship, Cruiser, Destroyer or Submarine. These probabilities are as 21 : 8 : 17 : 38.

For the price of 1 Battleship, it is possible to build $1\frac{1}{3}$ Cruisers, 2 Destroyers or 4 Submarines. The table of units of defensive capacity in terms of a level sum of money expended becomes:

	Battleship.	Cruiser.	Destroyer.	Submarine.
1 Battleship versus ..	16	14	4	2
$1\frac{1}{3}$ Cruisers ,, ..	16	$9\frac{1}{3}$	$6\frac{2}{3}$	4
2 Destroyers ,, ..	12	8	6	2
4 Submarines ,, ..	8	4	4	8

Multiplying the above by the probabilities of any enemy ship being a Battleship, etc., we have—

1 Battleship is worth..	$16\times21+14\times8+4\times17+2\times38$	$= 592$
$1\frac{1}{3}$ Cruisers are worth..	$16\times21+9\frac{1}{3}\times8+6\frac{2}{3}\times17+4\times38$	$= 676$
2 Destroyers are worth	$12\times21+8\times8+6\times17+2\times38$	$= 494$
4 Submarines are worth	$8\times21+4\times8+4\times17+8\times38$	$= 572$

Cruisers have obviously the best all-round value, but we cannot afford more than 2, leaving an unexpended balance of 2 million, which must be invested in 1 Destroyer or 2 Submarines. From the above table 2 Submarines have the greater all-round value and the answer is therefore—

2 *Cruisers.*
2 *Submarines.*

PROBLEM 243.—LITERARY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. Eric Pochin, University College Hospital, Gower Street, W.C.1.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. People in Love. Fri. Oct. 1.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PALACE. Take It Easy. Wed., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed., Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Tues., Thurs.

WESTMINSTER. Wed. & Sat.
The Moon in the Yellow River.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 365 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Tues. next, 8.15 (subs. 8.30). 1st Mat., Fri., Oct. 1, 2.30.
PEOPLE IN LOVE
A Light Comedy by ARTHUR REID.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Over 325 Perfs. Whi. 2578.
Evgs., 8.30. Mat., This Fri., 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.
Transferring VICTORIA PALACE, MON. Next.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2 (Tem. 8243).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, AGNES LAUCHLAN.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686.)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

NEW. Tem. 3878. EVGS., 8.15 sharp.
MATS., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30 sharp.
BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.
By DODIE SMITH.

PALACE. (Gerrard 6834.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
TAKE IT EASY. A Musical Comedy with
BARBARA BLAIR. HERMAN TIMBERG.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 605 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEENS. (Ger. 4517.) 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD in
RICHARD II.
by William Shakespeare.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8888.
THE AMAZING
DR. CLITTERHOUSE

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
OLD MUSIC
by KEITH WINTER.

STRAND. Tem. 3660. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

WESTMINSTER. At 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER
by DENIS JOHNSTON.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) (Smoking.)
8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Last Perf., Oct. 2nd.)
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evenings at 7.45.
Matinees, Saturday, at 2.30
"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"
by PHILIP JOHNSON.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
"SARAH ANN HOLDS FAST"
by ARMITAGE OWEN.

HULL. Little.
Evgs. 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"
by JOHN CECIL HOLM and GEORGE ABBOTT.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
SACHA GUITRY in
his brilliant new comedy experiment
"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (A).
Witty! Ironic! Philosophic!

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 27th SEPTEMBER, for SEVEN DAYS.
MARTA EGGERTH in
LIEBESMELODIE (U)
with HANS MOSER and LEO SLEZAK.

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QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tickets, 2s., 3s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

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IMPRESSIONISTS
MONET and SISLEY
Complete range of reproductions of these artists shown together for the first time.
Thurs., Sept. 23rd until Oct. 23rd, 10 to 6.30 p.m.
Sats. 10 to 1 p.m.
PHOENIX GALLERY, 66 CHANDOS ST., W.C.2.
Underground, Leicester Sq. Buses, Charing Cross.

SPAIN, THE CHILD AND THE WAR. Exhibition of SPANISH CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS, including work of Basque children in England, Oct. 1st to 15th, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. week-days, at Paul and Marjorie Abbatt's Showroom, 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. Evening lectures 8.30 p.m. by psychologists, educationists and artists. Opening by LOW, Friday, Oct. 1st, 3.15 p.m. Organised by Holborn and W.C. Span. Med. Aid C'ttee.

DANCE

GRAND DANCE, SUFFOLK GALLERIES, PALL MALL, S.W.1. Saturday, 25th September. Speciality, "THE THREE SISTERS," by The Dance-Drama Group. Dancing 8 to 1 a.m. Paramount Rhythm Band. Russian Buffet, Russian Handicrafts. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door, or from "Russia To-day" Socials Committee, Friendship House, Northington St., W.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

A QUIET meal, deliciously cooked—Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight), at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

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FREE Trial Lesson in Esperanto. The London Esperanto Club, Fred Tallant Hall, Drummond Street, N.W.1.

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LUCIA YOUNG (soprano) teaches singing in English French, German and Italian. Bel canto school. 14 Brook Green, W.6.

NUDIST CLUB, Central London, both sexes, Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MY minimum charge for a portrait is 2 gns., but this includes six mounted and signed copies. ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington Street, W.1. WEL. 4950.

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WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN for anyone just beginning to walk and climb than a Nursery Slide? Four little steps railed, and platform detachable, 19in. high. A few only, unvarnished and slightly sub-standard, 21s.–30s. (usual price 4 gns.). PAUL AND MARJORIE ABBATT, LTD., 94 Wimpole Street, W.1.

WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR THRIFTY BUYERS. Better quality than you usually get, or lower prices than you usually pay, because direct from Makers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Free Patterns of lovely "B-P" Underwear. Saves you shillings in the £. Every style and size, for Women, Children, Men. Pure Wool, Mixtures, or Art Silk. GUARANTEED IN EVERY WAY. Write to BIRKETT & PHILLIPS LTD., Dept. N.S., Union Road, Nottingham.

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HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

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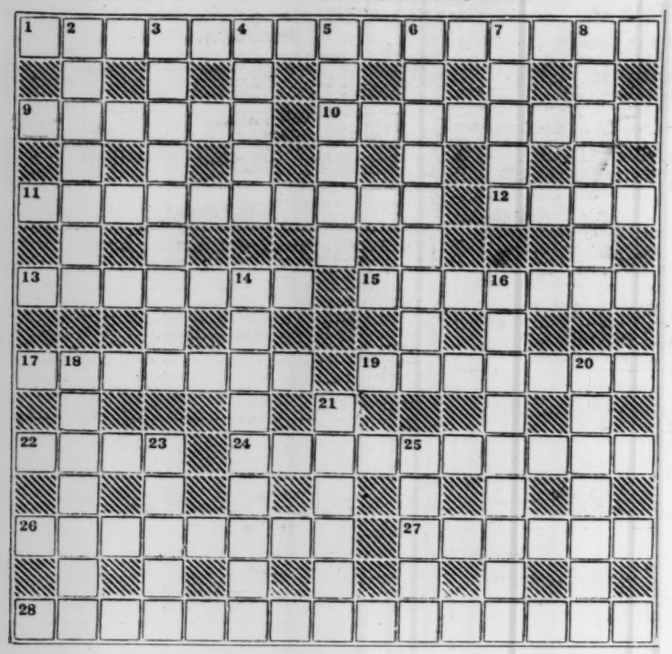
CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 467 of this issue.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 394

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
K. Outhwaite, 66 Warwick Gardens, W.14.

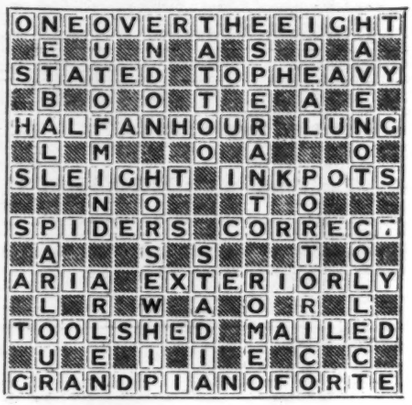
ACROSS.

1. Sort of homework girls often do. (15)
9. This gambler is not so bad. (6)
10. The budding solicitor's do not number 39. (8)
11. This used to ensure one a cosy retreat on retiring. (10)
12. Fashionable people often obviously stick them. (4)
13. All 6 balls. (7)
15. Produce of a fir belt. (7)
17. Skeletally arid. (7)
19. Do they corner the fish? (7)
22. A reasonable man puts it first. (4)
24. Distinguish - ed wear for the woman politician? (10)
26. Bits of past workmanship. (8)
27. Ivy let it turn to frivolity. (6)
28. It would be wiser not to put a stamp on this p.c. (15)

DOWN.

2. Superior garment for workers. (7)
3. Not a noteable way of speaking. (9)
4. Where I turn in. (5)
5. Grips or fastens grips. (6)
6. Result of stretching it a bit of course. (9)
7. Chords on the Vox Humana. (5)
8. You would not expect this to be a quick-growing plant. (7)
14. Delightful way to turn a peer. (9)
16. A brave gal I found in the West End. (9)
18. She ran into Otto by the sea. (7)
20. Suggests a "hearty" repetition. (7)
21. A poster quickly produced. (6)
23. Proves criminal absence. (5)
25. Yes, about 2 pounds. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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IT MUST BE
WILLS'S

WILLS'S
CUT GOLDEN BAR

Just 1/- AN OZ.

READY RUBBED in 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Packets

C B. 70C.

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NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

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CORNISH RIVIERA, Green Bank Hotel, Fowey. Ideal position facing South. H. & c. and electric fires bedrooms. Moderate tariff. Proprietor. 'Phone 63.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Warm, comfortably furnished Guest House, off main road. Central heating; electric fires all bedrooms; running water; Aga cooking; modern beds. 3 *gns.* weekly; 30s. week-ends. Xmas, Friday–Tuesday, 3 *gns.* Unspoilt country. Good riding, walking, golf. BOXHAM, Buxted, Sussex. Telephone: Buxted 248.

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LOVELY Lakeland Estate, "'midst finest scenery." Write for booklet: PEAKE'S Brathay Fell Hotel, Ambleside.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house in 23 acres. H. & c., e.l., indoor sanitation, own sea shore, safe bathing, tennis, sun-bathing enclosure. Brochure "N," Woodside, Wootton, I.W.

IN the LEFT NEWS, February, 1937, Dr. John Lewis M.A., writes:—"May I say that a glorious Week-end can be guaranteed at NETHERWOOD. The company is Left and congenial, the situation is delightful, our host an excellent fellow and a real Socialist, the cooking superb and the terms moderate." Illustrated brochure from VERNON SYMONDS, "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. 'Phone: Baldslow 19.

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LOVELY DORSET. XIV Century House. Bath, elec. light, ideal centre, walking, motoring, riding, hunting. Neighbourhood appeals greatly to Artists and Literary folk. The Pitch Market, Cerne Abbas, Dorset.

CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House for Autumn and Winter holidays. Modern conveniences. Charming surroundings. Special Winter terms. Apply MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan.

WINTER QUARTERS. Guests taken at much reduced fees for long periods during winter months. Good fires, excellent hot baths, every home comfort. Good garage accommodation. Near Ashdown Forest. Also Service Flat to let. Apply: Malt House, Uckfield, Sussex.

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BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with bath, breakfast. 5/6 a night, 35/- a week. Other meals optional. 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Flaxman 1181

HOLLAND PARK. Modern Rooms with Breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road, Park 7016.

CHARMING Board Residence, 1d. bus from Baker Street. All conveniences and consideration. Large garden. Garage. Terms from £2 10s. 42 Finchley Road, N.W.8. 'Phone: PRI, 5058.

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FINCHLEY ROAD (2 minutes Finchley Road Met. Stn.) Large, first-floor front furnished Bed-Sitting room. Large enough for 2 (separate beds), 21s. (27s. 6d. sharing), which includes electric light and baths. Gas fire (own meter). Breakfast optional. No petty restrictions. 'Phone mornings, evenings, Maida Vale 2612.

COMFORT and convenience at Crescent Court. 49 West Cromwell Road, Earl's Court. FLA. 3230.

24 BELSIZE CRESCENT, N.W.3. Modern unfurn. rooms fr. 18s. C.H.W. all rooms, re-dec. Meals as req. Dining room. Tennis.

HAMPSTEAD. Cambridge graduate and wife have vacancy. Bed-sitting rooms, gas fires, coal fire in dining-room. Partial board. Terms moderate. PRI. 5687. 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

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FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

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WANTED: £2,500 to £4,500 to develop Holiday Camp on original and cultural lines, providing enjoyable holidays suitable to tastes of Labourites, Socialists, Progressives, etc., not attracted by orthodox camps. Write Box 115, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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Fifty-two " - 1s. 2d. " " " "

Minimum TWO lines. A line averages SEVEN words.
Copy NOT LATER than first post WEDNESDAY.
Box Numbers count as one line extra.

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The Advertisement Manager

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(3 minutes from Belsize Park Station—turn left, left and left again).

FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms in lady's quiet and pleasant house. C.h.w., service, garden. From 18s. 6d. incl. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Prim. 1043.

LADY doctor wishes to let to business or professional woman large parquet-floored unfurnished bed-sitting room. Use of kitchen and bath. 1d. from Westminster Bridge. Box 966, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. Unfurnished flat, 2nd floor, 2 rooms, use of bathroom. 38s. a week. Service if required. 'Phone: Holborn 4112.

25 S. P.W. Fine Flat, 3 rooms, own bath, s.-c., £20 stove, furn.; offer. Urgent. LAITHWAITE, 85 Goldhurst Terr., N.W.3.

COTSWOLDS. Beautifully situated, warm, sunny house, to let furnished Oct., Mar.-April. Comfortable, convenient, central heating. Electricity, kitchen, living room, large sitting room. 5-6 beds (4 with h. and c.), 2 baths, small studio. MILLER, Campden, Glos. Tel.: 346.

16 DOUGHTY ST. W.C.1. Furnished and unfurnished rooms, every convenience. ROWAN, HOL. 7535.

COTTAGE to let furnished, November 1st, 1937–October 1st, 1938. Keats Grove, Hampstead. Two bed-, 2 living-rooms, offices, gas heating and cooking. Very small garden; quiet; south aspect. Heath, shops, 2 mins.; 24 'bus, 4 mins.; tube, 10 mins. 3 guineas to good tenant. No agents, children, pets. Apply Owner's Solicitors, Messrs. Bristows Cooke and Carpmael, 1 Copthall Buildings, London, E.C.2. Metropolitan 8156.

BOURNEMOUTH (Branksome) to let, furnished, end November, for 6 months. Unusual, attractive, newly furnished house, with maid. 4 bedrms., 2 reception, garage, central heating, close sea. Quiet. £16 month. Box 113, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

QUIET room (25ft. by 15ft.) with piano. 30s. b. and b., or £1 for 2. North 3921.

FREE morning tea in large 1st floor balcony bed-sitting room. Divan, shelves, reading lamp, etc. 30s. p.w. Russell Sq. 5 mins. Apply 7 Mecklenburgh Street (between Mecklenburgh Sq. and Gray's Inn Road). Terminus 4821.

LARGE room to let unfurnished, suitable studio. With light and amenities, £1 weekly. Park 5816.

W.C.2. Quiet, light furnished room in s.c. flat (no other occupants week-ends). 22s. 6d. per week. Box 116, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ROLAND WAY, S.W. Attractive furnished cottage to let. Lounge 26 × 17, 3 beds., kitchen, bathroom parquet floors, garage. JONES. Central 7111.

COTTAGE to let furn., Nov.-March incl. Six rooms, Bechstein grand, barn, outhouses, garden, orchard. £5 month. WARLOW, RIDGEWELL, Halstead, Essex.

CHARING CROSS. Unfurnished room, use bath (h. and c.), service, meals if reqd. 25s. weekly, includes cleaning. 'Phone: Laurie, MAI. 6011 before 6.

TO LET, near Marble Arch. Bright, cheerful bed-sitting room, comfortably furn. 25s. PAD. 4101.

WANTED to rent or purchase, small country cottage. Box 114, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PIANIST wants absolutely quiet flat, North London. Box 110, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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WANTED by young man, unfurnished room (with bath or use of) in or around Bloomsbury. Box 120, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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LITERARY

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SONGS, Poems wanted for Broadcasting. Good royalties. EUROPEAN BROADCASTING SERVICES, 197 Victoria Street, London.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS RALLY—BRITISH TRADE OUTLOOK—THE FRANC

THE panic which has seized American investors spread to Europe at the beginning of this week, and the first day of the account on the London Stock Exchange was fittingly described as "Black Monday." Respectable British industrial shares slumped equally with mining and rubber shares: in fact, only the gilt-edged market kept its balance. No doubt the heavy losses which speculative investors have suffered on Wall Street stocks made it necessary to liquidate sound securities to meet the shattering differences due on Thursday. But that was not all. Amsterdam was a special centre of trouble, and is said to have unloaded heavily in London, but whether this was due to Dutch fears of war in Europe or to some internal trouble which may necessitate a failure or two, I do not know. It is perhaps worth mentioning that American operators have been escaping the margin requirements of their home towns by dealing in American stocks in London through syndicates organised in Amsterdam. Instead of putting up a 55 per cent. cover (the Wall Street practice) they can buy American stocks through London brokers for the fortnightly account and then carry them over for ensuing accounts with little or no cover. British joint stock banks have probably been helping to finance American gambles of this sort. The cleaning up of a weak speculative position is, however, an excellent start towards recovery, and a distinct improvement in the tone of markets was discernible by the middle of the week. How far is it likely to proceed?

* * *

Last week I pointed out that the Wall Street slump was associated not merely with nervousness over the international situation but with apprehensions, not wholly groundless, in the U.S.A. lest the failure of the normal seasonal up-swing of business to materialise this autumn betokens a definite, if temporary, check to the long-term recovery movement. It is pertinent to inquire how far the same considerations have been responsible, at least in part, for the decline in equity values on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Greenwood has been telling the electors of Jarrow this week that within three years our towns will again be filled with armies of unemployed and the state of the Special Areas more distressful than ever. Is another major depression really imminent? So far, there is little evidence to support such a pessimistic conclusion. Signs are accumulating, it is true, that building has passed the peak of activity. The August return of plans approved by local authorities—not comprehensive, but a fair sample of the trend outside London—shows a fall of over 23 per cent. as compared with a year ago; and it is significant that non-residential building has participated in the decline, as a consequence presumably of rising costs of construction. It is probably true also that as the rearmament programme passes from the preparatory stage, in which large extensions of workshops and plant were required, to the phase of actual production, the incidence of its economic stimulus is narrower. With these qualifications, however, it is difficult to detect signs of any marked change in the direction of the trade cycle in this country. Progress in the coal-mining industry is steadily upwards; iron and steel manufacturers' order books guarantee employment to capacity for some months ahead, although, apart from naval construction, the high cost of steel is beginning to slow down activity in shipbuilding. The outlook for the motor industry is less assured: higher costs and selling prices may restrict purchases more than manufacturers expect. In other directions, however, there is no indication of even a mild recession in engineering activity. Notwithstanding the temporary check to new orders consequent on the fall in raw cotton prices and the slight wobble in the raw wool market, both Lancashire and Yorkshire textile mills are well employed.

* * *

After nearly five years of uninterrupted recovery in this country it is doubtless too much to expect that a slackening in the rate of progress can be indefinitely postponed. As measured by the Board of Trade index, the current level of activity of all manufacturing industries in Britain is over 50 per cent. higher than in the nadir of the 1931–32 depression, and exceeds by approximately 30 per cent. the relatively prosperous *tempo* of 1929. The economic rubber is clearly in the "vulnerable" phase; and, with building past its peak and the stimulus of rearmament likely to become less potent, the cards might appear to be dealt for a reaction if only the home market were to be considered. Fortunately there are grounds for hoping that international trade may succeed in off-setting to a considerable extent the approach to home market saturation. In the first eight months of the year British imports and exports both expanded by over 20 per cent. in value as compared with a year ago. Still more important, the quantum of aggregate international trade, eliminating all price changes, is estimated by the League to have risen in April–June by nearly 18 per cent. in comparison with 1936 and to have all but re-attained the volume of 1929. Unless the Far-Eastern disturbance spreads, or a set-back in the U.S.A. attains such dimensions as seriously to depress commodity prices and hence to restrict the purchasing power of primary producing countries, prospects in the export markets are encouraging, for all the network of trade restrictions. All things considered, there seem to be greater elements of stability in the short-term prospects for British industry than there are on the other side of the Atlantic. Making due allowance for the change in the yield on riskless investment, the fall of nearly 17 per cent. which has occurred in the average value of British equities since the beginning of the year is an exaggerated, or at least premature, discounting of the less profitable days which may well be in store, say, twelve months ahead. In brief, I incline to be a bull of the short-term and a bear of the long-term prospects in Britain, and to take precisely the opposite view with regard to the outlook in the U.S.A.

* * *

For the moment the slump in the exchange value of the franc has been arrested. Following M. Chautamps' optimistic declarations last week-end and M. Bonnet's announcement that the ordinary budget for 1938 would show a surplus of Frs. 1.6 milliards after providing Frs. 4 milliards for amortisation of debt, the spot rate steadied around 145–146. The forward rate, however, remains significantly weak, and official intervention has had to be vigorously applied to prevent the discount for three months' delivery widening beyond 6 francs. It is still uncertain how much extraordinary expenditure will eventually be required in 1938, and though M. Bonnet speaks reassuringly of the Treasury's ability to meet without difficulty all its 1937 obligations, it is clear that confidence in the future of the currency is still lacking among French capitalists large and small. Apart from the budgetary problem, French productivity industrially is hanging fire; costs are still rising ominously; and the adverse balance of merchandise trade has been much greater in 1937 than a year ago. There is no sign of any return of flight capital. On the contrary, the currency provided by the support given to Rentes on the Bourse by the Stabilisation Fund has apparently been expatriated in many cases, thereby accentuating the fall in the spot exchange rate. M. Bonnet has made it clear that there is to be no departure from liberalism in the shape of exchange control, and the franc is not to be buttressed at the cost of sacrificing the Bank of France's war-chest of gold. The outlook for the exchange is not, therefore, very cheerful. It is significant that the florin issues of the French railway loans (virtually Government guarantees) have fallen heavily in the past two weeks. For example:

	Prices.		Gross Yield %.	
Florin Bonds.	Sept. 8.	To-day.	Flat.	Redemption.
Paris-Orleans 6%, 1977 ..	95*	84½*	7.10	7.18
P.L.M. 4½%, 1958 ..	81*	77⅞*	5.78	6.45

* and interest.

I drew attention to these bonds on September 11th as a possible exchange from the sterling issues of the same loans, and as the sterling bonds have not fallen appreciably the exchange seems all the more desirable.

* * *

The firmness of shipping shares during the recent Stock Exchange slump was a conspicuous market feature. When normal conditions return shipping shares should enjoy another boom. I still favour tramp lines as against the liner companies. The *Economist* tramp freight index showed a further rise in August, and as the Admiralty programme and the high cost of steel are holding back commercial building, the shortage of up-to-date tonnage is likely to remain acute. I would exchange from Furness Withy and Cunards to the following:

	Price	Estimated 1937 earnings %	Estimated earnings yield %
Court Line 6/8	29/3	57	13.0
King Line £1	35/-	38	21.7

King Line does not enjoy a free market.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS

The Directors of FREEHOLD CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST LTD. beg to submit, for the information of Members and the general public, brief particulars of the further progress of the Society since the presentation of their Report covering the six months from 31st December, 1936, to 30th June, 1937.

	PAID-UP CAPITAL	PROPERTIES OWNED	ANNUAL RENT ROLL	NO. OF PROPERTIES
31st DECEMBER, 1936	£30,403	£110,731	£16,545	188
30th JUNE, 1937	£100,483	£202,510	£29,057	403
15th SEPTEMBER, 1937	£203,890	£509,743	£70,514	863

GENERAL INFORMATION

¶ The purpose of the Society is to enable its Members, by co-operative investment, to share in the advantages of Property Ownership.

¶ The following Auditor's Certificate certifies the Dividends paid up to 31st December, 1936.

28 King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.
6th July, 1937.

To the Directors,
Freehold Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd.,
Freehold House, Thayer Street, London, W.1.

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that since the inception of your Society in 1932, Dividends have been paid (on the Capital paid up at the undermentioned dates) as follows :—

		at the rate of
Final :	Dec. 31, 1932	7% p.a.*
Interim :	June 30, 1933	7% „ *
Final :	Dec. 31, 1933	9½% „
Interim :	June 30, 1934	9% „
Final :	Dec. 31, 1934	7% „
Interim :	June 30, 1935	7% „
Final :	Dec. 31, 1935	7% „
Interim :	June 30, 1936	7% „
Final :	Dec. 31, 1936	7% „

* Free of Tax.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. HAWTHORNE, F.C.A.,
Public Auditor.

Interim Dividend at the rate of 7% per annum, as usual, has been paid to Members in respect of the six months ended 30th June, 1937. For the convenience of Members, Dividends will in future be paid four times a year.

¶ The Society invests the monies of its Members in revenue-producing Freehold and Leasehold Property let to good tenants of the medium rent-paying class, holding and managing the Properties purchased for the purpose of deriving a steady income therefrom. The Society does not " deal " or speculate in Properties.

¶ The Society's Shares are of one class only—Ordinary, of 2s. denomination. The only Charges are First Mortgages on specific Properties, to a total of **£316,878**, with interest at an average of 4¾%.

¶ The maximum investment acceptable from any one Member is for **£200** worth of Shares. (Minimum investment **£20**.) Shares are obtainable only from the Society at par, no brokerage fees or stamp duty being payable. The Shares are not subject to market fluctuations, nor can their purchase price be affected by the amount of Dividend paid.

¶ Investments may be realised, out of liquid funds, upon one month's notice being given to the Secretary of the Society, in writing. Redemption is made at par, without expense or loss of Capital. No application for withdrawal has ever been refused or delayed.

¶ The Society's Accounts are audited by a Public Auditor and submitted to the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The Accounts may be examined at the Society's Registered Offices, and copies are furnished free to all enquirers.

¶ The rules under which the Society operates are available for inspection at its Registered Offices, or may be purchased, price One Shilling per copy, post free. This sum is refunded on request should application be made for Membership of the Society.

FREEHOLD CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST
LIMITED

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John Donald Hughes (Chairman). Lawrence Berman, M.A., A.M.I. Mech. E. Cecil H. Leeland, F.A.L.P.A., F.C.I.A. Henry Robert Shanks. W. Braxton Sinclair, F R.I.B.A., A.I. StructE.

MANAGING DIRECTOR Cecil H. Leeland, F.A.L.P.A., F.C.I.A., Incorporated Surveyor.

The information given above is presented both as an explanation of the principle of co-operative ownership of Property, and as a guide to members of the public seeking a satisfactory outlet for the investment of sums of from £20 to £200. A Booklet showing typical examples of the Properties owned co-operatively by the Members of the Society, together with the last statement of Accounts and a copy of the Directors' Report, will be furnished on request to **The Secretary, Freehold Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., Freehold House, Thayer Street, London, W.1.** Please mention the " New Statesman & Nation " in any communication concerning this announcement.

Caplin

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

F.P.S.I.
announces a series of
Fourteen Lectures
to be given at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, at 8 p.m.

The F.P.S.I. teaches that humanity to-day must choose between cosmos or chaos, the establishment of a planned and unified world, or a return to barbarism. It emphasises the interdependence of the various branches of progressive effort, and the importance of relating all progressive activity to the central problem of achieving a scientific and humane world unity.

On problems of immediate policy the F.P.S.I. emphasises the importance of the greatest possible unity of progressive opinion and effort. Its lecturers put forward an advanced policy in the various social fields, a policy related at once to the idea of a planned and unified world, and to the practical needs of the time of crisis in which we are living.

REVISED PROGRAMME.

1937.
Fri., Oct. 8. C. E. M. JOAD on "What Progress Means in 1937."
Wed., Oct. 20. BARBARA WOOTTON on "The Dangers of Democratic Defeatism." (Chairman to be announced later.)
Wed., Oct. 27. A Symposium on Law Reform. Speakers: RONALD KIDD on "What is Wrong with the Police and the Judiciary?"; "SOLICITOR" on "Reform of the Magistracy"; ALEC CRAIG on "Obscene Literature"; JULIUS LEWIN on "Reform of the Abortion Law."
Wed., Nov. 3. Prof. J. B. S. HALDANE on "Eugenics and the Class Struggle." Chairman: The Dean of Canterbury.
Wed., Nov. 10. NORMAN HAIRE on "Sex and Censorship."
Wed., Nov. 17. KINGSLEY MARTIN on "The Present World War."
Wed., Dec. 1. ELLEN WILKINSON on "The Retreat of Women."
Wed., Dec. 15. A. S. NEILL on "Education for Socialism."

1938.
Wed., Jan. 5. DORA RUSSELL on "The Failure of Intellectuals."
Wed., Jan. 19. HUBERT GRIFFITH on "The Social Significance of the Drama in Britain and Russia."
Wed., Feb. 2. JOHN MACMURRAY on "The Cultural Basis of Unity."
Wed., Feb. 16. NORMAN HAIRE on "Sexual Freedom and its Limitations."
Wed., Mar. 2. W. B. CURRY. (Subject to be announced later).
Wed., Mar. 16. HARRY POLLITT on "World Politics To-day."

Admission will be by ticket for the course, or by tickets admitting to each lecture separately. As the accommodation of the hall is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course.

Tickets are obtainable from the Hon. Sec., Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals, 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1, at the following rates:—

Course of 12 lectures: Members 5s., Non-members, 10s. Single lectures 6d. and 1s. respectively. Where accommodation is not completely booked, fee may be paid at the door.

LIBERALISM AND CURRENT PROBLEMS.

SIX LECTURES at 8.15 p.m.

In the MANSON HALL, 26 PORTLAND PLACE, W.1. (Near Broadcasting House).

No. 1. Oct. 5. "Relations with India," by SIR LAURIE HAMMOND, K.C.S.I., C.S.I., C.B.E. Chairman: Rt. Hon. LORD MESTON, K.C.S.I., LL.D.

No. 2. Nov. 2. "Relations with the Dominions," by Professor ERIC WALKER, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.Hist.S. Chairman: The Most Hon. The MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G.

No. 3. Dec. 7. "Relations with the Colonies," by LEONARD BARNES. Chairman: SIR ROBERT HAMILTON, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.S.A. (Scot.).

1938
No. 4. Jan. 18. "The Coming Slump," by R. F. HARROD, M.A. Chairman: MILNER GRAY, C.B.E.

No. 5. Feb. 15. "The Problem of our Declining Population," by Professor A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS, M.A. Chairman: Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P.

No. 6. Mar. 15. "The Condition of the People," by B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, C.H. Chairman: Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

Tickets for each lecture (2s. and 1s.) and Syllabus on application to the Lecture Committee, Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1, or tickets may be obtained at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

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Particulars may be obtained free on application to the University Extension Registrar (Dept. 6), University of London, W.C.1.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, September 26th, at 11 a.m., Professor H. LEVY, D.Sc.: "Can Palestine Free Jewry?" Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MARX MEMORIAL LIBRARY SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. Winter Programme commences Sunday, Sept. 26th, at 7.30 p.m.

Sept. 26th.	MARXISM TO-DAY ...	J. Shields
Oct. 3rd.	THEORY OF CO-OPERATION	C. Collyer
Oct. 10th.	DEVELOPMENT OF SOVIET ECONOMY	H. D. Dickinson
Oct. 17th.	FASCISM IN BRITAIN ...	Pat Devine
Oct. 31st.	RUSSIAN REVOLUTION Anniversary lecture (Lantern slides) ...	William Paul
Nov. 7th.	SPAIN	Charlotte Haldane
Nov. 14th.	CO-OPERATION IN BRITAIN	C. Collyer
Nov. 21st.	THE STRUGGLE IN CHINA	R. Bridgeman
Nov. 28th.	CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT AND THE STATE	C. Collyer
Dec. 5th.	ABORTION LAW REFORM	Janet Chance
Dec. 12th.	THE EFFECT OF CLASS DIVISION ON CULTURAL PROGRESS IN CLASSICAL SOCIETY...	Professor B. Farrington
Dec. 19th.	MARXISM AND THE HISTORY OF BIOLOGY	Dr. Joseph Needham

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JOSEPH McCABE will speak on "Rationalism and the Churchless Four-Fifths," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, September 28th, at 7 p.m. Admission Free.

SPAIN. Public meeting at Friends' House, Euston Road, on Monday, September 27th, at 8 p.m. Speakers: C. R. ATTLEE, M.P., HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., D. N. PRITT, M.P., and others. Doors open 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, King's Cross, provides a library and consultations on sex questions. Books, 2d. a week; consultations, 1s. or free. Open Mondays 7 to 9 p.m.

GARDEN Cities and Town Planning Association. Week-end conference, Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, Friday, October 8th (dinner) to Monday, October 11th (breakfast). Subject: "Practical Steps Toward Decentralisation." Speakers: Dr. W. A. Robson, Miss Cicely Hamilton, Dr. L. Dudley Stamp, Mr. John Dower, Mr. F. J. Osborn, Mr. J. J. Clarke. Terms for week-end, 32s. 6d. Please notify intention to be present to Gilbert McAllister, 13 Suffolk Street, London, S.W.1.

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Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, must be received by me, in a sealed envelope endorsed "Librarian and Curator," not later than Tuesday, October 12th, 1937.

Canvassing in any form will be deemed a disqualification.

Town Hall, Birkenhead. 23rd September, 1937.

E. W. TAME, Town Clerk

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
Public Health Department

Applications invited from women with experience in psychiatric social work for appointment as SOCIAL WORKER in connection with mental cases at St. Alfege's Hospital, Vanbrugh Hill, S.E.10. Salary £235—£12 10s.—£310. Social workers co-operate with medical staff in investigating the history of mental cases and supervising social welfare and after-care of patients in such ways as medical staff may direct. *Only candidates with experience or training in psychiatric social work will be considered.*

Application forms obtainable (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope necessary) from MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH (S.D.3), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Forms returnable by October 9th, 1937. Canvassing disqualifies.

SAINT FELIX SCHOOL, SOUTHWOLD, SUFFOLK.

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Particulars can be obtained from The Bursar, St. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk.

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YOUNG MAN (29), well educated, 8 years' business experience (publishing), literary ability, good French and some German, seeks publishing or other work. Box 112, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Oxford graduate (woman) 2nd Hons., Sp. Fr., wants job. Box 995, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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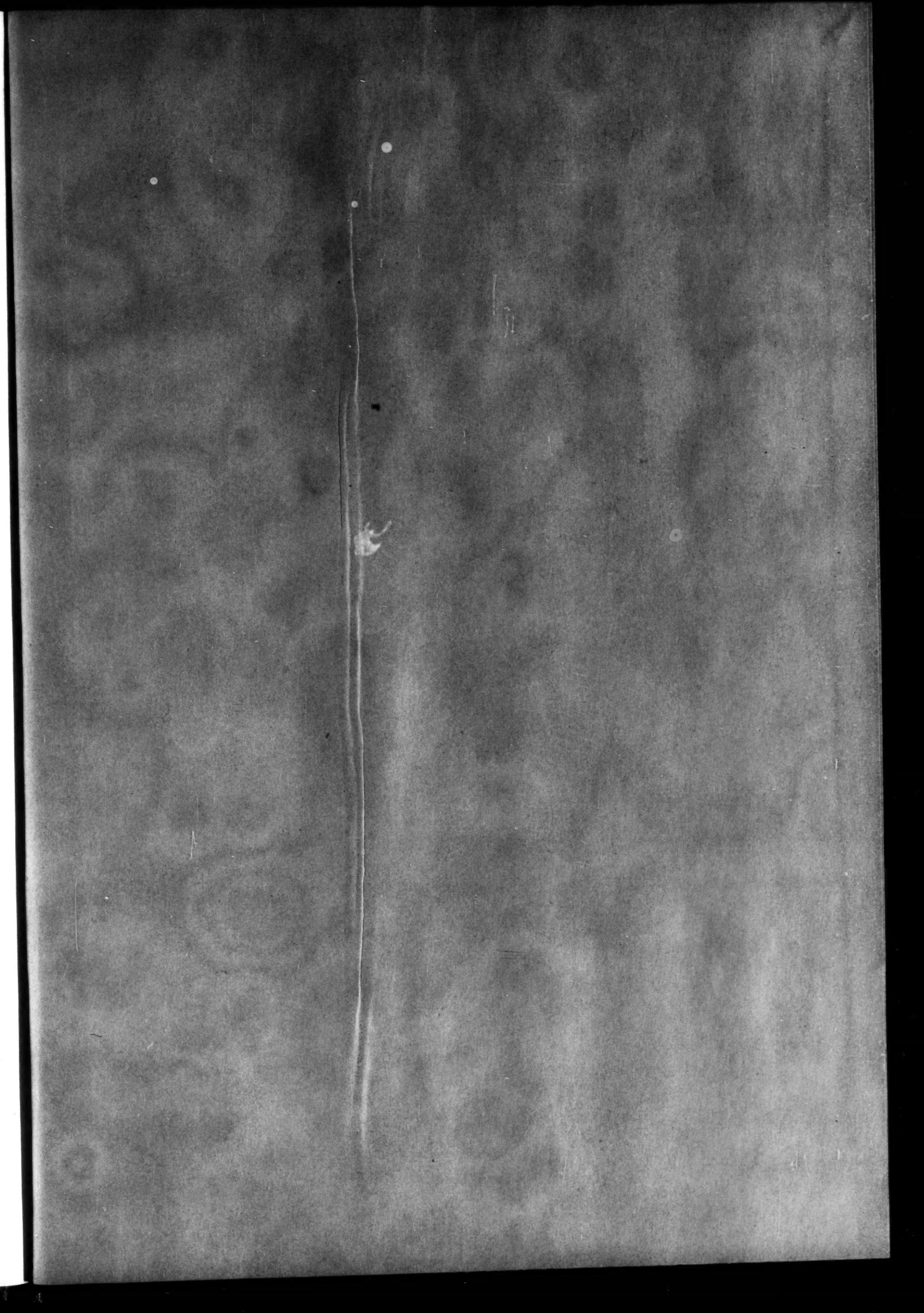
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